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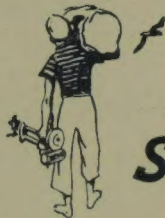


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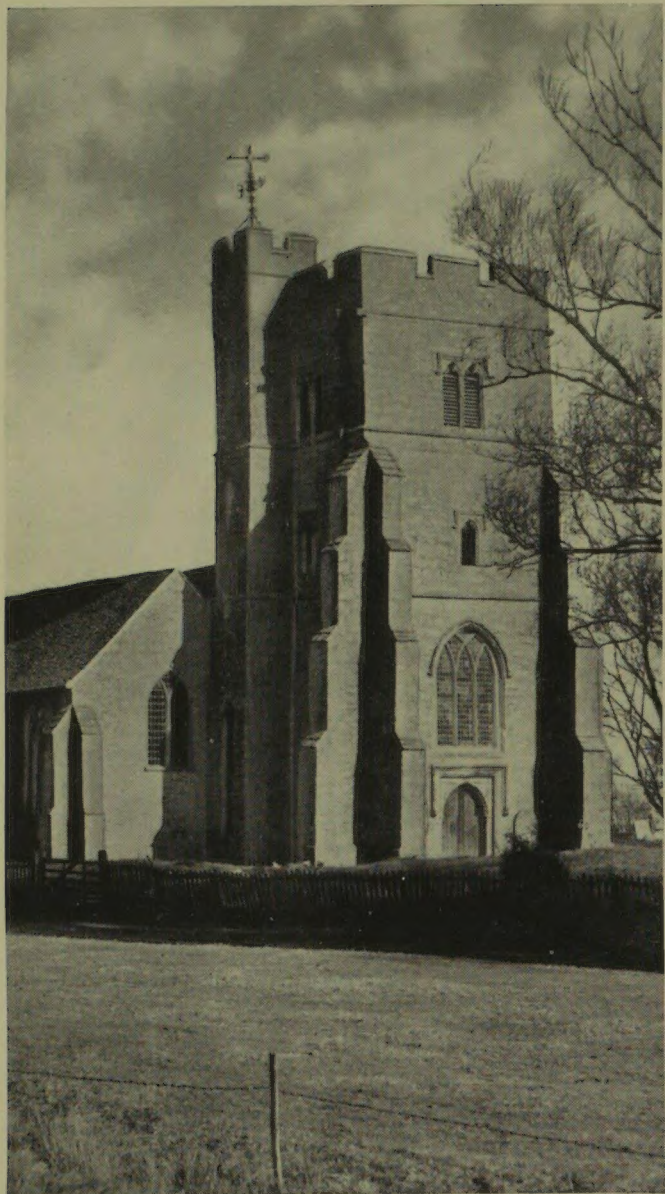
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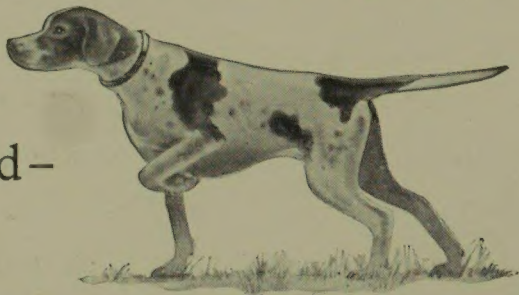
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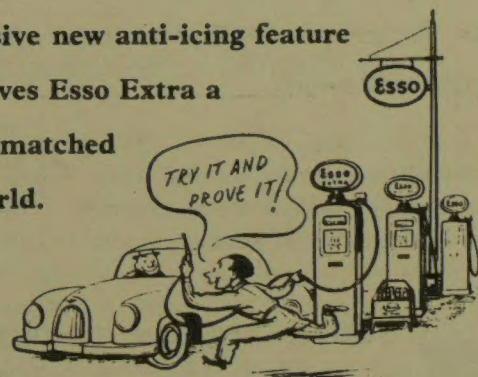
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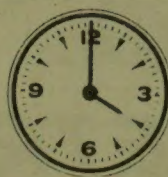
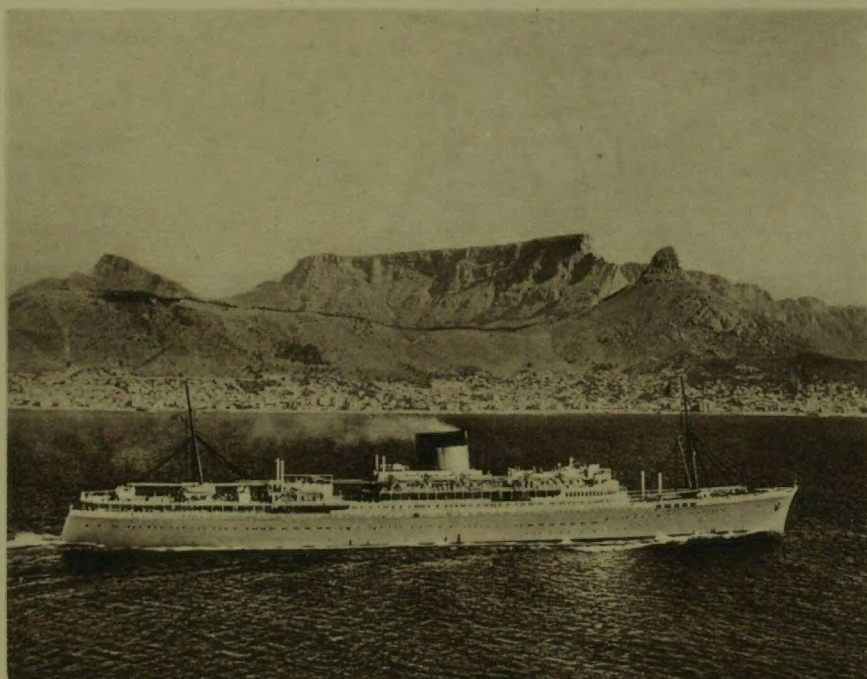
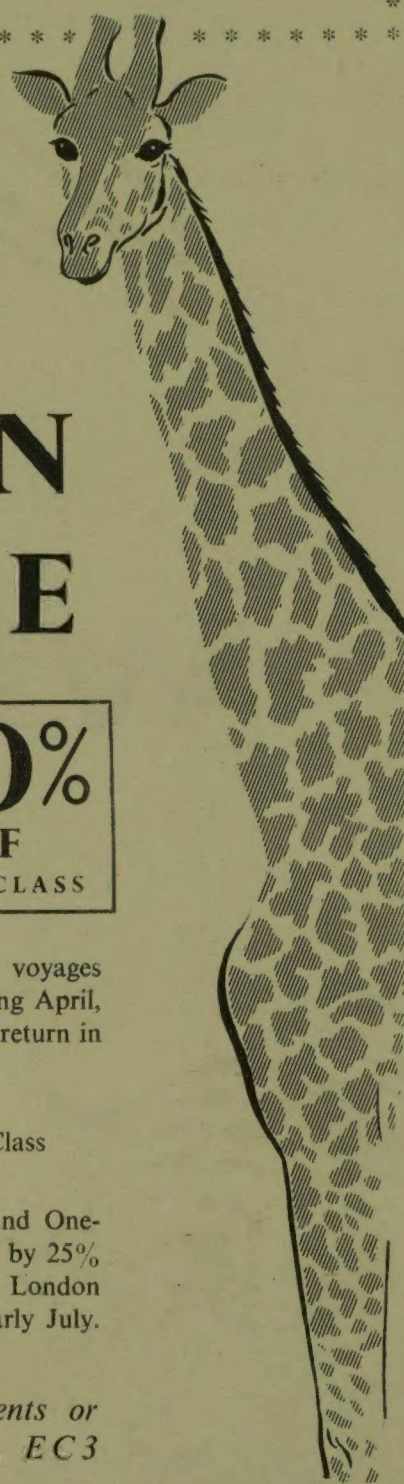
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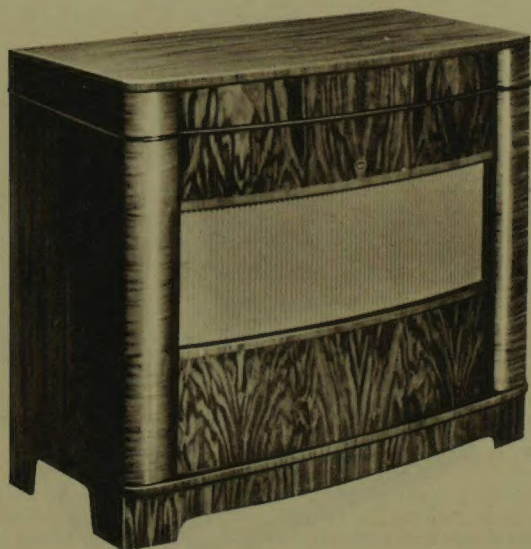
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1955.



SWITZERLAND, THE MECCA OF WINTER SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS: THE FAMOUS CRESTA ICE TOBOGGAN RUN, A UNIQUE FEATURE OF ST. MORITZ, WHICH CALLS FOR SKILL AND DARING FROM THOSE WHO RIDE IT.

Switzerland offers the most wonderful and invigorating holiday in the world for those who live in the damp and comparatively sunless climate of Great Britain. The brilliant sunlight which floods the High Alps, the crisp snow, the fun and excitement of winter sports and the excellent hotels, combine to provide delightful and health-giving vacations. St. Moritz, one of the favourite Swiss resorts, possesses in the Cresta ice run a unique attraction for the skilled and daring rider. This

season it was opened on January 3 from Stream, the lowest section of its length, and from Junction on January 8. The run starts high up in St. Moritz, and is built in three separate parts, the highest of which, the Top, is opened last. Cresta riding is becoming increasingly popular, and the record number of thirty-two riders started in the Baron Oetzen Cup from Stream on January 6, including a number of well-known riders. The event was won by Signor N. Bibbia.

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AND so the Archduke Eugene is dead—the grandson of the Archduke Charles, the man who defeated Napoleon at Aspern at the height of the latter's power and fame. Few people, I suppose, in England had ever heard of the Archduke Eugene. I confess I knew till the other day very little of him myself. But he was born in May 1863, four years after my father, became a field marshal in the first World War and, a most able soldier, like his famous grandfather, commanded the Austrian forces, first in the Balkans and then in Italy, where he took part in the great battles on the Isonzo in 1917. He thus has already taken a place in his own personal right on the pages of history—a modest yet a substantial and, from the repute he left behind him in his own land, a very honourable one.

His, like that of many of his central European contemporaries, was a checkered career. He grew up, as a member of the Imperial family, in the Austrian Court in the days of its nineteenth-century glitter, elegance and power—the days of a still waltzing Vienna. At sixteen, in the 'seventies, he joined the famous Tyrolean Kaiser-jäger Regiment, and by the time he was thirty, while Cecil Rhodes was at the zenith of success and fame and Oscar Wilde still the literary lion of London, became a major-general. Then, in his fifty-sixth year, his world split open and fell in ruins about him. The defeated empires of Germany and Austria-Hungary collapsed and dissolved and the members of their reigning-houses were driven into exile. Those of Austria were also deprived of their property. For the next fifteen years the Archduke lived as a poor exile in two rooms at Basle. He appears to have been a man of outstanding charm, simple gaiety and goodness, and was much loved by the good people of Basle. In 1934, the political passions of the early days of the Republic having subsided, he was allowed by the Dollfuss Government to return to Vienna, where he received a tremendous ovation from his countrymen. He settled down at Gumpoldskirchen, on one of the estates of the Teutonic Order of which he was Grand Master, and devoted himself to country pursuits and the administration of the Order's affairs. Yet even now, an old man in his seventies, the strange vicissitudes of his life were not over. In 1938 the Germans invaded his country and reduced it to a Nazi province. He resigned the active Grand Mastership of his Order and took no further part in public affairs. His former services to the Central Powers in the 1914-18 War and his rank as field marshal were sufficient to save him from arrest and the concentration camp. But the six years of the war and Nazi rule must have been very bitter to him, as a deeply religious man, as an Austrian patriot, and as a great gentleman. And when it was over he saw his country occupied by other foreign armies. Yet there was a golden St. Martin's summer at the end of his life, and when, in 1953, he attained his ninetieth birthday, he received a wonderful ovation from all classes of his countrymen. The whole nation seemed to turn out to do honour to the old man, still a prince among men and towering above his fellows in physical stature.

Yet of the Archduke's claims to fame and his links with a remote and very different past, none seems more strange in our age than his Grand Mastership—the fifty-seventh in an almost unbroken succession—of the Teutonic Order. Founded in 1190, in the days of Richard Cœur de Lion and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, this half-military, half-religious society began its existence, like the Templars and the Knights of St. John, as a means of regaining the Holy Land for Christendom by war. After taking part in successive crusades, it lost its last foothold in Palestine in 1291. Then transferring its activities first to the Danube and then to the Baltic, it waged successful and aggressive war against the fierce pagans on Europe's eastern marches. Under grants from the Popes and the Holy Roman

Emperors its crusading knights, supported by the Christian warriors of Poland, won and colonised a new province for Christendom in the east, which became known as Prussia and whose remote future was to have strange and tragic repercussions on the life of Europe. They built wonderful castles and churches and walled towns, some of which survived, little changed, until the battles and blitzes of the last war. Then in 1242 they suffered a great defeat on the ice of Lake Peipus at the hands of the Russians, fighting under that romantic patriot warrior, Alexander Nevsky, Prince of Novgorod—a battle which ensured the survival and future of Russia. A year later the Grand Master of the Order fell in another historic fight at Liegnitz against the terrible invaders from the East, the Mongols, who threatened to overrun Europe about the time that the nave of Salisbury Cathedral was being completed and when our own Henry III.

was starting to build the present Westminster Abbey.

But the work of the Teutonic knights and their *Drang nach Osten* continued under other leaders. In the course of the next century and a half, they created in the east Baltic forests beyond Prussia the little Christian nation of Esthonia that finally vanished from Europe when Stalin's armies, following the Hitlerian destruction of Poland, marched into the Baltic States and, with Ribbentrop's blessing, extinguished their national life, leaders and culture. It was in the ranks of the Teutonic knights that that great English gentleman—the first of his type recorded in our literature—Chaucer's knight, spent so much of his military career:

"A knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That from the time that he first began
To ride out, he loved chivalry,
Truth and honour, freedom and courtesy.
Full worthy was he in his Lordé's war,
And thereto had he ridden, no man so far,
As well in Christendom as heathenness
And ever honoured for his worthiness.
At Alexandria he was when it was won,
Full often time he had the feast begun
Above all the knights that were in Prusse,
In Lettowe had he ridden, and in Russe . . .
At mortal battles he had been fifteen
And foughten for our faith at Tramassene."

Not all these crusaders were "parfit gentil knights" on the model of their English comrade; the long war against a still heathen Lithuania in the fourteenth century was conducted with characteristic Teutonic fury and frightfulness which, if it did not excel, equalled the savagery of the Lithuanian guerillas. Indeed, one of the most remarkable features of the 1941-45 struggle between Teuton and Slav in the east was how true it ran to historic type. Yet long before that time the Teutonic Order had lost its warlike character and become as peaceful as its English opposite, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. In the time of our own Tudors it ceased to be the sovereign

ruler of Prussia and Lithuania, retaining only the humbler status of an ecclesiastical principality of the Holy Roman Empire, which ultimately perished at Napoleon's hands in 1805, the year of Trafalgar. Then it became a fief of the Austrian Empire, and in the course of the nineteenth century devoted itself increasingly to hospital and ambulance work, which was henceforward its principal activity. Yet its imperial Grand Master still retained into the middle of the twentieth century the splendid and historic title of *Hoch und Deutschmeister*, whose sound is like a trumpet-call to all who have studied the annals of the European past. Such links with remote time are part of the consciousness and pleasure of civilised existence, and the passing of this splendid old man recalled them for me.



THE PASSING OF A SPLENDID OLD MAN WHOSE "LINKS WITH REMOTE TIME ARE PART OF THE CONSCIOUSNESS AND PLEASURE OF CIVILISED EXISTENCE": HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS THE ARCHDUKE EUGENE OF HAPSBURG, WHO DIED IN ITALY ON DECEMBER 30. THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN 1937, SHOWS HIM WITH THE YOUNG ARCHDUCHESS ADELHEID, SISTER OF THE EMPEROR OTTO.

His Imperial Highness the Archduke Eugene of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria and Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, died on December 30 at the age of ninety-one in a nursing home at Merano, in the Italian Alps, where he had been convalescing after pneumonia. This photograph of the late Archduke—who has been described as the best-looking member of a family renowned for its good looks—was taken in 1937, and shows him with the young Archduchess Adelheid, sister of the Emperor Otto, after he had unveiled a memorial to the late Emperor Francis Joseph at Linz. In his article on this page, Sir Arthur Bryant says that he supposes that few people in England have ever heard of the Archduke Eugene, and confesses that until the other day he knew little of him himself. He has now more than repaired this omission and in this article paints for his readers a vivid picture of this Grand Old Man of Europe, who was fifty-seventh holder of the Grand Mastership of the Teutonic Order, which dates from 1190.



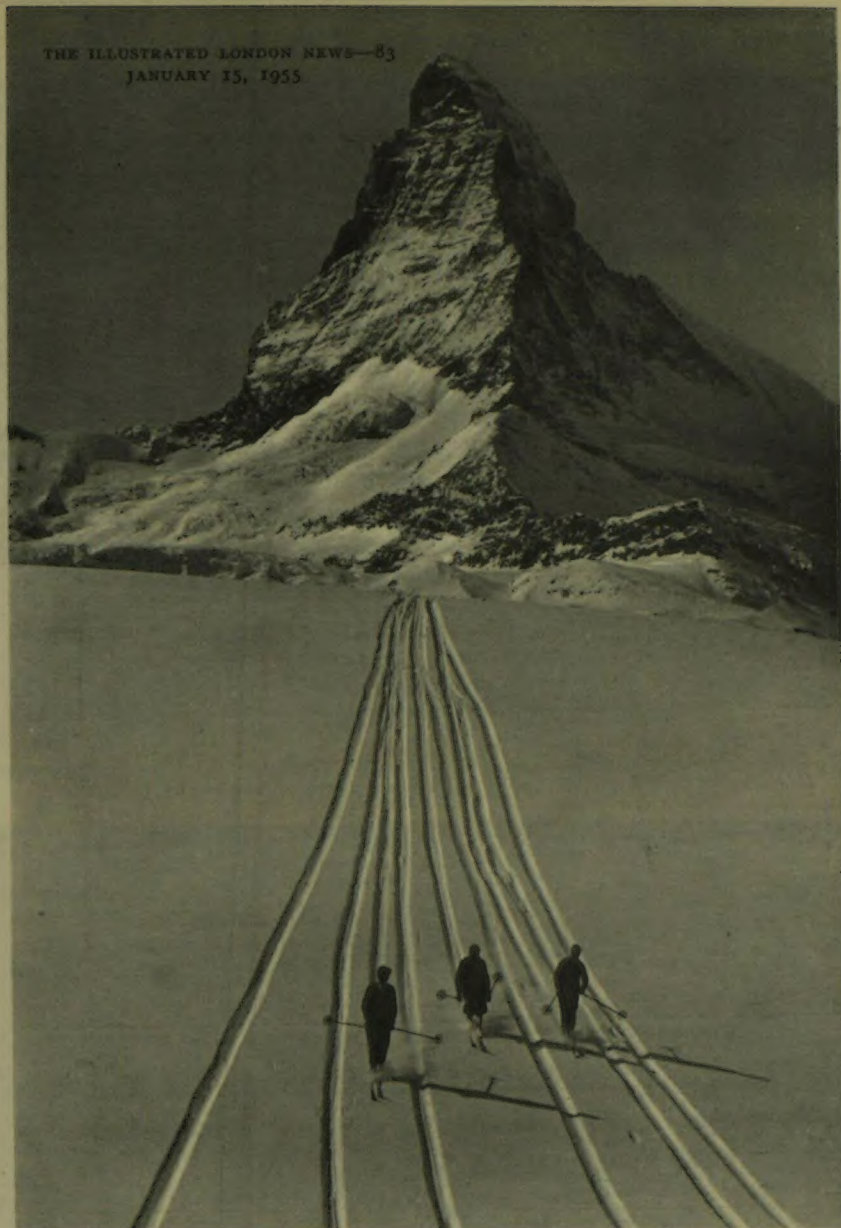
EXPERT SKIERS ENJOYING A RUN ON THE CRISP, EVEN SNOW OF SWITZERLAND: A DELIGHTFUL PICTURE OF WINTER SPORTSMEN AT PONTRESINA, GRISONS.



FIVE WINTER SPORTSMEN IN PARADISE: AN ACTION PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THEM RACING AT SPEED THROUGH LOVELY POWDERY DRY SNOW AT DAVOS-PARSENN.

THE WINTER JOYS OF RINK AND RUN: IN BRILLIANT

These photographs illustrate the beauty of the Swiss snow landscape in winter, but they cannot capture the sparkling brilliance which blue skies, immaculate white snow and clear sunshine add to the scene. Snow is now reported to be excellent at the Swiss resorts, and with the increased travel allowance, it is confidently expected that British holiday-makers will be able to visit the paradise of winter sports enthusiasts in large numbers this year. The ski tourist is the



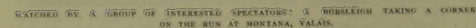
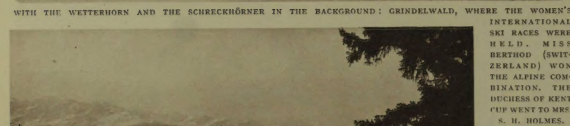
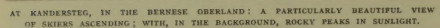
WITH THE MATTERHORN IN THE BACKGROUND: SKIERS, SHOWING THE FORMAL PATTERNS WHICH THEIR SKIS HAVE MADE IN THE SMOOTH SNOW AT ZERMATT.



WITH THE SKATING RINK IN THE FOREGROUND, THE NURSERY SLOPES BEYOND, AND (RIGHT) THE SKI-LIFT, WITH COUPLES ASCENDING: A VIEW OF KLEINE SCHEIDEGG.

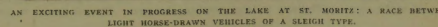
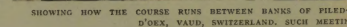
SWISS SUNSHINE, AMID GRAND AND GLORIOUS SCENERY.

visitor who derives the maximum of enjoyment from the lovely winter climate and the superb scenery, and it is good to remember that every important resort now has its Swiss ski school at which classes are provided for people in every stage of proficiency. A week at a ski school does more to ensure progress than several years of haphazard floundering. In some places there are special children's classes, so the young generation can be sure of starting well.

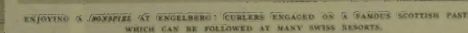
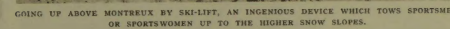
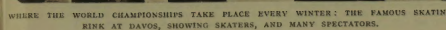
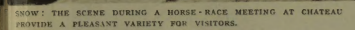


THE winter season in Switzerland is not in full swing, and sports associated with the Alpine regions at this time of the year are being enjoyed. Though ski-ing is for the fit and the youthful, science has devised ways to make it less tiring than it was. Ski-lifts, chair-lifts, mountain railways and funiculars carry the enthusiast up to the starting-places for the downhill runs, and last year the Alpine flying expert, Mr. H. K. G. J. has rescued so many people from the perils of the slopes that he is now actually transporting the fittest skiers to the top of the mountains. The latter are then transported to the foot for ski-runs. This innovation, however, is not one which can be enjoyed by the usual run of visitors. The experiment of using a helicopter last winter instead of horses for

SKI-ENTHUSIASTS AT AROSA: AT THIS CENTRE, AS AT MOST SWISS RESORTS, THERE IS A SKI SCHOOL, A SKI-LEAP, HUTS FOR SKIERS ON EXPEDITIONS, AND OTHER AMENITIES.



HORSE-RACING ON A SNOW TRACK: CROWDS AT AROSA WATCHING THE
SPORT, WHICH IS ONE OF THE MANY AMUSEMENTS TO BE ENJOYED
ON A SWISS HOLIDAY.



(Continued.) Ski-jumping was also tried by the Norwegian ski-jumping champion. Ski-jumping is perhaps the most popular of winter sports. The British Ski Championship men's giant slalom was recently won by Mr. N. Harrison at Gstaad, and the Women's International Ski Championships were decided at Grindelwald. Skating retains its popularity and, as recorded on another page, there is this year a big increase in riders for the Great Ice Race St. Moritz. Bobbing is also extremely popular, and is an exceedingly fast and exciting sport. Those who enjoy luge sometimes find it a little boring, but many of the centres, where there is horse-racing, and racing in a special form of light horse-drawn sleigh for the snow forms an excellent race-track.

MATTERS SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL, AND NEWS ITEMS FROM FAR AND NEAR.



TO BE INAUGURATED AT THE END OF THIS MONTH: ROME'S NEW UNDERGROUND RAILWAY, WHICH IS FAST NEARING COMPLETION.

This photograph shows a small section of Rome's new underground railway system which is nearing completion. When it is inaugurated at the end of the month it should help to ease the city's acute traffic problems. The line runs for about 7 miles with 7 intermediate stations.



RELEASED BY THE SOVIET AUTHORITIES: TWO AMERICANS, MR. J. NOBLE (LEFT) AND MR. W. MARCHUK, ARRIVING FOR EXAMINATION AT A U.S. HOSPITAL IN BERLIN. On January 9 two American citizens, Private W. Marchuk and Mr. John Noble, arrived in East Berlin after spending years in the notorious Vorkuta forced-labour camps, and were handed over to the American authorities. Mr. Marchuk was detained by the Russians in 1949, and Mr. Noble in 1945.



CUTTING TELEPHONE LINES IN BERLIN TO PREVENT THEM BEING TAPPED IN THE EASTERN SECTOR: ENGINEERS WORKING BENEATH A TENT NEAR THE BRANDENBURG GATE, IN THE WESTERN SECTOR.

In May 1952, telephonic communication between West Berlin and the Eastern Sector was broken off by the Soviet authorities, but in order to be able to resume the service as soon as possible the cables were not cut in the Western Sector. But since the arrest of a man accused of connecting dead lines so that conversations could be tapped in the East, the cables have now been cut.



AFTER CATCHING FIRE DURING A GROUND CHECK AT NORTHOFT AIRPORT: A U.S. AIR FORCE FOUR-ENGINE SKYMASTER. ONE U.S. AIRMAN DIED FROM INJURIES.

An American airman died on January 6 after sustaining injuries when a United States Air Force four-engine Skymaster aircraft caught fire during a ground check at Northolt Airport. Two other men who jumped clear of the aircraft were injured. The aircraft was badly damaged.



MAKING HIS SPIRITUAL RETREAT AT RHO BEFORE HIS SOLEMN ENTRY INTO MILAN: MONSIGNOR MONTINI, THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN.

Monsignor Giovanni Battista Montini, who has succeeded the late Cardinal Schuster as Archbishop of Milan, made his solemn entry into the city on the Feast of the Epiphany, January 6. He was previously Papal Pro-Secretary of State, and was consecrated Archbishop in St. Peter's on December 12.



THE ROYAL GODMOTHER: PRINCESS MARGARET (LEFT) AFTER THE CHRISTENING OF THE BABY SON OF MR. ROBIN AND LADY ROSEMARY MUIR AT WOODSTOCK PARISH CHURCH.

On January 9 Princess Margaret attended the christening of the infant son of Mr. Robin and Lady Rosemary Muir. This photograph shows the Princess, who was a godmother to the baby, with Mme. Jacques Bernberg, the other godmother, and Lady Rosemary Muir, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough (right).



LIKE A GIGANTIC HONEYCOMB IN A WELLSIAN FANTASY: THE WORLD'S LARGEST ANECHOIC—OR ECHO-LESS—CHAMBER.

This extraordinary photograph shows what is described as the world's largest anechoic chamber, that is to say, a testing-room entirely free of echo; and within it a large power transformer is being sound-tested. On the right of the picture a technician is moving up a microphone near to the transformer in order that pure sound-readings may be made. This chamber, with its intricately muffled walls, floor and ceiling, is the main part of a new 1,500,000-dollar sound laboratory which

has been built at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, U.S.A., for the Power Transformer Department of the International General Electric Company of New York. While this chamber is of great interest from the industrial and scientific point of view, for the layman it has a strange evocative quality, summoning up a nightmare world of science and romance confused, a blended world of Wells and Edgar Allan Poe, a realm in which giant insects might rule over subject humans.

ARCHÆOLOGIST, SOLDIER AND PERSONALITY.

"STILL DIGGING"; by SIR MORTIMER WHEELER.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SIR MORTIMER WHEELER, after spending most of his life in the sort of illustrious semi-obscurity which is the common fate of most eminent scholars, has recently, I gather, reached an immense and appreciative audience because of the enterprise of the Television authorities. People, it seems, who formerly thought that anybody who could be described by a word ending in "ologist" must be beyond their poor comprehensions, and, in all likelihood, damnably dull at that, have learnt from his talks that both the early history of man, and the processes by which it is being unveiled, are, to the willing recipient of knowledge, fascinating. The willingness of the auditor must be postulated; for there are always mules amongst us. The late Henry Ford was reported as saying "History is bunk," and, in North Africa during the last war, a General with whom Sir Mortimer was pleading for the protection of superb Roman relics said that it wouldn't matter a whatnot if all the whatnot ruins were chucked into the sea. Sir Mortimer's new public will not need to be told that the brief autobiography which he has now written is not merely informative but picturesque and amusing. But even they must not be misled by the title of his book into thinking that it is entirely concerned with the excavation of antiquities. For, actually, there is a good deal of contemporary life and travel in it, especially in relation to wars: a quarter of Sir Mortimer's adult existence has been spent soldiering.

The publisher states: "Sir Mortimer has been digging, with intervals only for war service, for the last forty-five years. His work has taken him all over the world, from Roman Verulamium, which he traced and excavated, to sites in Southern India and the Valley of the Indus. Administratively and academically he has served as Director of the National Museum of Wales, Keeper of the London Museum, Director of the Institute of Archaeology in London, and Director-General of Archaeology in India." He is, at present, President of the Society of Antiquaries and Secretary of the British Academy. The fact that he was, until he gave the job up as temporarily hopeless, adviser about antiquities to the Government of Pakistan, is omitted from the list of achievements. Had he never gone on Television that would, in such part of the public eye as directs its gaze into archaeological quarters, have been the culmination of his career: he initiated tremendous discoveries in the Indus Valley.



"EXCAVATIONS HAD BEEN BEGUN IN THE ROMAN FORT OF SEGONTIUM, OVERLOOKING CAERNARVON, AND IN 1921 I WAS ASKED TO TAKE THEM OVER": DAME MARGARET LLOYD GEORGE (CENTRE) VISITING THE SEGONTIUM EXCAVATIONS IN 1922. SIR MORTIMER WHEELER IS ON THE LEFT OF THE GROUP.

That apart, his adventures have been variegated to an unusual degree. I confess that when, in 1908, I first met a tall, slim youth of eighteen with his charming father I should have been extremely astonished had

some power revealed to me that this young student would make considerable additions to our knowledge of the past, raise the scientific standards of digging to a level unreachd before except by the nonpareil General

Pitt-Rivers, and, most surprising of all, spend ten years soldiering and, after commanding a battery in his first war, wangle himself back into the Army and ultimately land in Italy as a full Brigadier in command of an anti-aircraft force of 8000 men in his second war.

Nearly half his book deals with his experiences in the two wars; for he is careful not to repeat very much of what he said in the fascinating manual which he published last summer. Apart from his digs, great and small, at St. Albans, Maiden Castle, and Caerleon, in Brittany, and in Southern India—where he found widespread proofs of commercial relations with the Early Roman Empire—he does, however, give a clear account of the transformation (largely effected by himself) of the archaeological scene in his lifetime. "In an unusual measure," as he says, "the period has been one of transition in the history of archaeological craftsmanship. During the years before the First World War archaeology was still an unorganized discipline, its techniques were largely unevolved. Systematic training did not, and could not, exist, and archaeological posts were in any case nearly non-existent. The



SERVING WITH THE EIGHTH ARMY IN WORLD WAR II: SIR MORTIMER WHEELER ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF EL ALAMEIN DURING THE LAST DAY OF THE BATTLE.

past had no future in it. To-day the picture is of another kind. Most of our universities now have chairs or lectureships in archaeology, and every year some hundreds of our young men and women receive instruction in the subject. The distant past is being combined, as never before, with the complexities of the present in a lengthening perspective which at least provides a sort of working substitute for philosophy and at best a reassuring context for our own antics and absurdities." But much of what he says in this context will be familiar to those who have followed his career and his publications. The war chapters are in strange contrast, being extraordinarily vivid and precise accounts of things seen, with very little speculation or theorising. The First War notes include a grim narrative of Passchendaele, perhaps the most nightmarish battle in human history; the record of the Second War consists largely of long, beautifully written letters to a brother antiquary, Sir Cyril Fox, remarkable productions for a man who was burdened with work and responsibility. He does not mention one brief command which he held early in the war: he was, as it might be called, O.C. Clapham Common, where he had a battery of anti-aircraft guns. It comes back to me now

that when I dined in the mess there one night I had the odd feeling that I was the guest, not of an archaeologist temporarily transformed into a soldier, but of a regular officer who after a lapse into archaeology had reverted to his proper profession. It was a far cry, however, from the domesticity of Clapham to El Alamein, and the Sicilian and Italian landings, all so graphically described in these pages. Even during the most crucial periods, however, the ruling passion was always in evidence. I do not know whether the Colonel (as I think he then was) observed with his (in Thomas Hardy's phrase about himself) "noticing eye" any traces of prehistoric man, Arretine pottery, Samian Ware, or the worship of Mithras in Clapham, but the past was mentally as well as physically present to him as he fought through Africa, flew over Rhodes in order to experience "the receiving end" of anti-aircraft guns, drove through Sicily, landed in Italy, and took a day off in Capri. In one place an encounter between past and present occurred which might have gratified the General who objected to Roman ruins.

"When I last looked upon Vesuvius," says Sir Mortimer, "I was 5000 feet above it, and its toothless maw was framed in a ruff of snow, superbly sinister. More than six years previously in the dusk I had thrust my military caravan into the Amphitheatre Gate of Pompeii as far as a new bomb-crater would allow me, and all night long that same Vesuvius had leered at me with an inflamed Cyclopean eye. At dawn I had walked into the city, a little gingerly, preceded by a sapper who thrust a bayonet ever and anon into the suspect soil. The reconstructed two-storey houses of the *nuovi scavi* had been bombed with satisfactory nicety by our fellows up above: not their fault—they had been told that a German armoured division was 'in Pompeii,' and the map writes POMPEII in large letters across the blackened mass of the old city, whilst the insignificant modern townlet on the main road is merely Pompeii. Poor old bourgeois Pompeii, born to be blasted in one way or another!"

It is in keeping with his whole odd career that Sir Mortimer should, while serving as a Brigadier,

have been applied for by the Indian Government to serve as Director-General of Archaeology in the sub-continent, should have been released by the Army with the war not over, and should have been allowed to choose his own moment for release, as he didn't want to go until the end was virtually in sight!

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 112 of this issue.



SIR MORTIMER WHEELER, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Sir Mortimer Wheeler, who is well known as an archaeologist, has also had a distinguished record as a soldier in two World Wars. He is the author of a number of books on archaeological subjects and has now written his autobiography, which is reviewed on this page. Sir Mortimer, who is known to a very wide public from his successful television appearances, has been Professor of the Archaeology of the Roman Provinces, University of London, since 1948.



IN 1930: A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR, SIR MORTIMER WHEELER, WORKING AT VERULAMIUM.

That apart, his adventures have been variegated to an unusual degree. I confess that when, in 1908, I first met a tall, slim youth of eighteen with his charming father I should have been extremely astonished had

* "Still Digging": Interleaves from an Antiquary's Notebook." By Sir Mortimer Wheeler. Illustrated. (Michael Joseph; 75s.)



SEÑOR PABLO CASALS, who has been chosen as one of the four outstanding artists of 1954 by the National Arts Foundation Committee, was born at Vendrell, Tarragona, in 1876. He made his début in England as a 'cellist at the Crystal Palace in 1898 when only twenty-two years old, and thenceforward his fame rapidly spread. He received his first musical instruction from his father, an organist, later becoming a pupil of José García at the Barcelona Conservatoire and then studying at Madrid. He made his first public appearance at Barcelona in 1889. Apart from being a renowned 'cellist, Senor Casals is a distinguished conductor, whose orchestra, the 'Pau Casals Symphony Orchestra of

[Continued opposite.



[Continued.]

Barcelona, he founded in 1920; a fine pianist; and a composer who has written symphonic and choral works. He is an Honorary Member of the Royal Philharmonic Society, and was made a Fellow of the Royal College of Musicians in 1937. His first wife, Guillermina Suggia, was at one time his pupil and one of the finest women 'cellists' of her time. He married secondly Susan Metcalfe in 1914. The other three artists who have been chosen by the Committee, which is composed of members living in twenty-eight countries, are Sir Jacob Epstein, the British sculptor; Mr. Carl Sandburg, the American poet and biographer of Abraham Lincoln; and M. Georges Rouault, the French religious painter.

AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OUTSTANDING ARTIST: SENOR PABLO CASALS, THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING 'CELLIST.

Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa; inset photograph by A. Taylor.

I RECALL remarking here, when French agreement about the future of Western Germany and its right to provide for its own defence was being hailed with natural gratification, that we should not feel on sure ground until the treaties had been ratified. When I saw the words in print I wondered for a moment whether they were unduly guarded or even ungracious. I need not have worried on this score.

Another crisis, as stiff as that which had just been overcome, had still to be surmounted. The parliamentary drama which we have watched since then has been ugly and in some ways sordid, yet interesting and exciting. In its course the French Government met with a sharp rebuff, an adverse vote of a kind which, in most parliamentary assemblies would have decided the issue against it. However, the well-informed journalists on the spot were convinced that this decision would be reversed, and they proved right. Yet it had assuredly been a near enough thing to justify the warning mentioned above.

On December 30 the National Assembly concluded its part in the process of ratification of the London and Paris Agreements. The vote was 287 to 260 in favour of the bill approving Western European Union and the armaments control agency. The Prime Minister had said that a very small majority would be only a degree better than rejection. He cannot, therefore, have been pleased with the majority he got. As I shall try to show, however, little significance attaches to the figures, because they appear to have been, to a certain extent, regulated, and the Assembly did not desire that M. Mendès-France should have a large majority. The Council of the Republic (the upper chamber which replaces the former Senate) has yet to say its say, but its rights in this case are limited to delay. It can, in theory, hold up the business by negotiation for a matter of 100 days, but by the end of that time the Assembly's decision—provided it remains unaltered—must prevail. The Council of the Republic is hardly likely to take such action.

One secondary risk remains. The Council of the Republic will not meet before the third week in January. Before then, on January 17, the representatives of the nations of Western European Union are due to meet in Paris to discuss putting into effect the agreement on the control of European arms. In the debate M. Mendès-France, perhaps feeling that he had to give some hostages, made it clear that he would do all that he could to strengthen the agreement. Supposing he were to insist on the supervision of American military aid to Europe, it is conceivable that this would wreck the Western European Union conference. In that case the Council of the Republic might consider itself justified in putting on the brake and the National Assembly might change its mind. However, this is a matter which all concerned can see clearly in advance and so prepare for. It should not be beyond the wit of man to find a formula on the subject of American military aid.

The debate reflected genuine and painful doubt and anxiety in the Assembly itself, and that in turn reflected the same feelings, but in even stronger degree, in the nation. Western Germany is but half a nation, but in its energy and virility it is already the greatest nation of Continental Europe, west of the Soviet frontier. France regards it with no unfriendliness—indeed, in this respect she has shown herself statesmanlike and forgiving, and, except over the Saar, relations between the two Governments have been excellent. Yet France is acutely conscious of the hard, bustling, go-ahead spirit which has for several years been revealed in Western Germany and also that the country, while its political antagonisms are sharp enough, has achieved a measure of political unity sadly lacking in herself. She has listened with alarm to voices talking in something like the old nationalist strain, if not singing the old nationalist songs; reproaching former Allied policy, making excuses for Hitler.

Many Frenchmen have been asking themselves the agonising question: "Are we watching the process of the 'thirties repeating itself?" It is a natural question, even if the fears which it embodies seem remote to the majority of people in this country. In any case, the best possible precaution against such a disaster must surely be to take Western Germany into a fair partnership and allow its Government to assume full national rights and responsibilities. The other consideration of highest importance is, as the Socialist leader, M. Mollet, brought out in a bold speech during the debate, the attitude of Soviet Russia since 1945. Yes, reason points one way, but fear beckons to another. And this state of affairs is not unnatural, given the history

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. AFTER FOUR YEARS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

of Franco-German relations since the Seven Years War, given the terrible rifts which split French society and render anything like a national public opinion impossible. It would be unfair not to recognise the nature of the dilemma in which the French politicians found themselves or the strength of the opposition to German rearmament of which they were constantly aware.

At the same time, the tale has been a sorry one. While some excuses can be found for hesitation and procrastination, none are available for the treatment of this grave matter as an element in party warfare of the lowest sort. Practically all observers are agreed that the hostile vote which threatened to wreck the proceedings was the result of an error in parliamentary manoeuvre. A number of those who voted against ratification realised that it was necessary. They thought that it would command a narrow but

on a great international question. The French Prime Minister may eventually become the victim of his enemies. If he falls he will at least have the consolation of remarkable accomplishments in a short period and of having appeared in the eyes of foreign observers as the most energetic French politician of recent times.

It has taken four years to reach the stage of authorising German rearmament. Even now, the thing itself cannot be expected to make much progress for another couple of years, though some useful elements are likely to emerge more quickly. This last crisis was undoubtedly very serious. The British Government had shown exemplary patience throughout, and a sympathetic understanding of the French problem, but it had to point out that its promise to station its forces on the Continent depended on ratification and would lapse if there were failure to achieve it. The situation of the United States Government would have been even more difficult in such a case, because there would have been strong pressure from public opinion in favour of loosening the military links with Europe. In any case, the strategy of European defence would have had to be realigned. It would have become virtually impossible to maintain existing bases in France or communications through the country. Whatever the alternative policy adopted, the system would have been less satisfactory than at present. The peril of Britain would have been increased.

There can, indeed, hardly be a satisfactory European Defence system without France. Her allies have been in the position of a games team striving to aid the convalescence of a sick member impossible to replace. The United States and British Governments, the latter especially, have been deeply conscious of the need for encouragement, tact, and forbearance. For this reason they have put up with delays and changes of mind which have been not merely exasperating but dangerous. Sometimes one has felt that patience has been carried too far, but if all goes well now those responsible will have attained their goal. Some shrewd observers believe that, once having taken the plunge, the French will find their self-confidence reinforced. Certainly, if M. Mendès-France remains in office he will do all in his power to make the new decisions operate. It does not appear likely that any other Government which might replace his would go back upon his undertakings, but in that case his policy would probably not be so wholeheartedly and consistently pursued.

France has reached a parting of the ways. On this single issue she appears to have reached a decision. Yet, vital as the question of the future of Western Germany is, it is part only of a broader issue. That involves the spiritual as well as the material future of the French nation. Will it gradually slough off—no one can expect the process, at best, to be rapid—the ills which have bedevilled it for a generation? There can be no standing still. The alternative would be a deeper immersion in the morass of internal hatred and external weakness and inefficiency, with, in all likelihood, a final relapse into Communism. This crisis in the development of the French soul is part of the history of civilisation which is being written before our eyes. We can see that this is so, but we can scarcely interpret it as yet, still less foresee its ultimate course. Contemporaries seldom see clearly ahead in such cases, and even interpreters of genius have often been proved wrong when they have explored the future of nations.

The manner in which the German problem was handled was admittedly unpromising. Yet there have been other signs of promise. A vigorous spirit has been applied to arts and sciences. The material recovery from the war, while lacking the fierce energy and resolution of that of Western Germany, has been in most features respectable, and in some remarkable. The habit of hard work, essentially French, has doubtless been weakened in the big urban communities, but in the small towns and on the land it has scarcely been damaged. To the optimist it may appear that many of the finer qualities of France which seem at first sight to be missing have been overlaid rather than extinguished. The pessimist—and he represents a numerous band—makes ugly prophecies in this respect. We must hope that he is wrong. I have said that the cause of European defence needs France. I believe that in a far wider sense the world needs France. She has still a great place among the nations of the highest civilisation awaiting her. Failure on her part to take it would leave a void which would long be unfilled. Even if we feel cautious on the subject I think we are safe in saying that the capacity to fill it is there.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR INDEED.



NEW YEAR GIFTS FOR A TRAFFIC POLICEMAN IN ATHENS—WHERE, ON JANUARY 1 AT ALL EVENTS, A POLICEMAN'S LOT IS QUITE A HAPPY ONE.

In Greece, as in some other countries, at the New Year, it is the custom to thank the police and to mark that gratitude with gifts; and foremost in that expression are the shopkeepers, the businessmen and the owners and drivers of cars—all, in fact, who most benefit by the vigilance and courtesy of the police. The custom appears perhaps at its most engaging in the streets of Athens, where the stations of police on point-duty are heaped, like Christmas trees, with all manner of gifts, cans, canisters, and all shapes and sizes of parcels.

sufficient majority even if they voted against it. Thus they promised themselves the best of two worlds: the country would give the decision necessary for its welfare, while they themselves would gain credit for having voted against a measure to which they supposed a majority of their electors to be hostile. Had they been in doubt about the success of M. Mendès-France they would have abstained, perhaps even arranged in advance how many abstentions would be permitted. On the next occasion they cut things rather fine, but this was probably what soldiers call "the object of the exercise."

Moral standards in politics often fall lower than in personal affairs, but in a country with the traditions of France they ought not to be allowed to fall as low as this. And if we find another explanation in personal hostility to M. Mendès-France, that scarcely adds lustre to the spectacle. Without smugness, we can say that in an issue of this importance in the international field, similar tactics would be hardly conceivable at Westminster. Any weapon may be good enough to hit an opponent with over home politics, but the prestige and honour of the nation are not likely to be threatened, except by a small number of individuals,

CLOSED FOR EVER: ELLIS ISLAND, THE IMMIGRANT'S "GATEWAY" TO THE U.S.A.



IN THE MIDDLE OF NEW YORK HARBOUR: ELLIS ISLAND, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN CLOSED FOR ECONOMY REASONS. ABOUT 20,000,000 IMMIGRANTS HAVE PASSED THROUGH THE BLEAK, 27-ACRE ISLAND.



THE HALL OF DEPORTEES ON ELLIS ISLAND, SHOWING A GROUP OF MEN, MOST OF THEM SEAMEN WHO HAVE JUMPED SHIP, AWAITING DEPORTATION.



A MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF ELLIS ISLAND. THE CURRENT IN THE HUDSON RIVER IS VERY STRONG AND INTERNEES WHO HAVE ATTEMPTED TO SWIM ASHORE HAVE BEEN DROWNED.



SAVING FAREWELL: A VISITOR SPEAKING THROUGH THE GRILLE TO A DEPORTEE. ELLIS ISLAND WAS POPULARLY CALLED THE "ISLE OF TEARS."

On November 12, 1954, Ellis Island, the place of detention for would-be immigrants into the United States during the last sixty-two years, closed down for ever for reasons of economy. This decision evoked much criticism at the time, for it was thought that the many foreigners not classed as criminals would have to be held in prisons. The Island, built behind the Statue of Liberty in front of Manhattan's skyscrapers, dealt with two categories of persons—those who were immigrants or people arriving on visitors' visas and who were being detained for security reasons; and those who were "deportees," consisting of people whose stay in the U.S.A. was illegal. Since the depression of the 'thirties, immigration was only a fraction of what it was prior to World War I. In the last twenty years there were only 1,300,000 immigrants, compared with 10,000,000

in the previous twenty. To-day, however, the United States Government has taken the sensible and more humane step of thoroughly checking the credentials and visas of would-be immigrants before they leave their native countries, or during passage, thus much reducing the need to detain them in New York. In addition, more immigrants will be allowed on parole instead of being detained. The special seaport detention facilities at Seattle and Honolulu, as well as at Boston, San Francisco and San Pedro, have also been closed. It is estimated that the closing of Ellis Island alone will save about 900,000 dollars (£320,000) a year. Ellis Island was opened in 1862, when it was only three acres in extent, but cargo-ships coming in empty from Europe to load grain used to dump their ballast there, and the area grew to 27 acres.

THE HUB OF THE PANHELLENIC ISTHMIAN GAMES WHICH PINDAR SANG: EXCAVATING THE TEMPLE OF POSEIDON NEAR CORINTH.

By OSCAR BRONEER, Professor of Archaeology, University of Chicago.

THE Greek god Poseidon (Neptune) was the ruler of the sea and the divine tamer of horses. But he was also the god of subterranean forces; as such the ancient Corinthians worshipped him in the most famous of his sanctuaries on the Isthmus of Corinth, where earthquakes are of common occurrence. In time, this became a Panhellenic centre, the site of the Isthmian Games, which attracted contestants and visitors from all parts of the Greek world. Eight of the extant Odes of Pindar were composed for the celebration of victories in these games. For nearly a century archaeologists have tried without success to discover the Temple of the Isthmian Poseidon. Its location remained unknown until the spring of 1952, when a preliminary survey by a University of Chicago expedition, under the auspices of the American School of Classical Studies, exposed parts of the foundations of the temple. In the more extensive campaign of this year the whole temple area was excavated (Fig. 6), and trenches were dug to test the ground in the surrounding territory. On the basis of the data collected by these excavations, we can now sketch the general outline of the history of the temple and its precinct. Some time before 600 B.C. an early temple was constructed with walls of sun-baked bricks resting on a socle of stone masonry. All the blocks have characteristic grooves to hold the ropes which the builders used to put the blocks in place. Ceiling and roof construction, and perhaps the columns, were of wood. When a fire broke out in the early decades of the fifth century B.C., there was enough timber to feed the flames to such heat that many of the bronze and iron objects kept within the temple were melted into shapeless lumps. The floor of the later, fifth-century temple concealed a deposit containing many votive gifts that had been brought by worshippers to the early cult-house of Poseidon. Two small bronze bulls, one in perfect condition; figurines of a satyr and a nymph, much damaged by fire; rims of bowls, one with a dedicatory inscription; pieces of helmets; and several plain finger rings are among

[Continued below.]



FIG. 1. A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF GOLDSMITH'S ART: A MINIATURE GOLD BULL, SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE (INSET) AND MUCH ENLARGED, TO SHOW ITS FINE DETAIL. A VOTIVE GIFT TO POSEIDON, FOUND BELOW THE 5TH-CENTURY TEMPLE FLOOR.



FIGS. 2 AND 3. FOUR OF THE 135 SILVER COINS FOUND IN THE EARLY TEMPLE OF POSEIDON, (LEFT) OBTVERSE, AND (RIGHT) REVERSE. THE RUNNING PEGASUS AND ATHENE COINS ARE OF CORINTH; THE SEA TURTLE (WITH INCUSE SQUARE ON THE REVERSE) OF AEGINA (PERHAPS THE FIRST TOWN IN EUROPE TO STRIKE COINS).



FIG. 4. A RECONSTRUCTION OF A SECTION OF THE MARBLE EAVES-TROUGH WITH LION-HEAD SPOUTS, WHICH WAS ADDED TO THE TEMPLE DURING THE FOURTH CENTURY RECONSTRUCTION. SEE FIG. 5.

[Continued.]

the bronze objects culled from the débris. There were some iron utensils, carpenter's tools, swords and daggers, and many finger rings; but all these are in very poor condition. The deposit contained a few engraved seal stones, scarabs, beads of gold and semi-precious stone, several ornaments of silver, and a miniature bull of gold, less than half an inch long (Fig. 1). The latter is a remarkable example of the goldsmith's art, the fine details of which can be appreciated only in enlargements. The pottery found with these objects ranges in date from the end of the seventh century B.C. to the beginning of the fifth century. One of the latest examples is a fragmentary red-figured mug with a dedicatory inscription to Poseidon. It provides the first epigraphical evidence for the identification of the temple. The most significant group of objects from the early temple deposit are 135 silver coins, mostly early pieces of Aeginetan and Corinthian mintage (Figs. 2 and 3). The coins, which range over a half-century in date, were not a hoard buried at one time, but were doubtless brought by individual worshippers as votive gifts to the temple. In the collection are several ancient counterfeits, containing a thin silver covering over a core of base metal. After the destruction of the archaic building a new temple was erected about 460 B.C. Somewhat smaller than the contemporary Temple of Zeus at Olympia, it measured c. 177½ ft. in length and 82 ft. in width on the stylobate. It was in the Doric



FIG. 5. A FRAGMENT OF THE EAVES-TROUGH OF THE TEMPLE OF POSEIDON AT CORINTH (SEE ALSO FIG. 4). THIS TROUGH, WITH ITS LION-HEAD SPOUTS, WAS CARVED FROM 78 HUGE MARBLE BLOCKS, EACH 5 FT. LONG AND 2½ FT. HIGH.

order, with six columns at each end and thirteen on the flanks. The columns had a diameter at the bottom of slightly over 6 ft., and their height may be estimated at c. 28½ ft. The material is a common stone (*poros*) quarried in the Corinthia. A thin stucco of marble dust covered all the exposed surfaces, and conventional colours and designs were applied to architrave, frieze and cornice, and to some interior surfaces. The roof tiles were of white marble. On the gables were groups of marble sculpture, but the fragments found on the temple site are so small and damaged by fire that it is impossible to determine what subjects were depicted. The fifth-century temple, like its predecessor, fell victim to the flames of a great fire, which broke out in the year 394 B.C., and is mentioned

[Continued opposite.]

WHERE THE PRIESTESSES OF POSEIDON BATHED, AND HIS RUINED TEMPLE.

Continued.]

by the historian Xenophon in his *Hellenica*. The walls and columns, being entirely of stone, were not wholly destroyed, and some parts of the building appear to have escaped damage altogether. The marble roof and the pedimental sculpture suffered most from the heat. In the extensive repairs, which seem to have been deferred for half a century, many of the capitals and drums of the columns, and even parts of the walls, were rebuilt, and a new roof with tiles of marble was constructed. The eaves-troughs on the flanks, likewise of marble, had antefixes at the joints, and in the middle of each section was a water-spout in the shape of a lion's head (Figs. 4 and 5). The gables were probably without sculpture in the fourth century restoration. We know nothing about the cult statue, either before or after the fire, except its position, which is indicated by a cutting in the rock in the rear of the main chamber. During Roman imperial times there were further changes to the temple, but the disposition of its interior divisions and the general appearance remained unchanged. Walls and floors were covered with thin marble slabs in typical Roman style. In the course of the centuries so many statues were set up within the temple that it must have looked much like a sculpture gallery. The traveller Pausanias, who visited the Isthmia during the reign of the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius (A.D. 161-180), enumerates no fewer than fifteen figures and one chariot group, some of gold (*i.e.*, gilded) and ivory, and some of bronze; others were presumably of marble. Of this splendid building, with its works of art, only a few blocks from the foundation now remain in their original position. The

[Continued below, right.]



FIG. 6. THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE TEMPLE OF POSEIDON AT CORINTH, WHICH WAS THE CENTRE OF THE ISTHMIAN GAMES, WHICH PINDAR SANG. THE ORIGINAL TEMPLE WAS BUILT IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C., REBUILT SEVERAL TIMES AND FINALLY DESTROYED IN THE SIXTH CENTURY A.D. BY THE DEMOLITIONS OF A MILITARY ENGINEER OF THE EMPEROR JUSTINIAN, WHO WAS 'FORTIFYING THE ISTHMUS.

Continued.]

trenches cut in the rock for the foundations reveal the impressive dimensions of the temple, and architectural members found on the site will permit a fairly accurate restoration of the whole building. The final destruction came in the sixth century of our era, after the games had been discontinued and Poseidon, like the other gods of the Greek Pantheon, had been forced to retreat before the new religion from the East. Victorinus, a military engineer of the Emperor Justinian I. (527-565 A.D.), who was charged with the reconstruction of the fortification across the Isthmus, demolished the Temple of Poseidon and other buildings of the sanctuary and used the material for the new wall. The temple stood in the centre of a rectangular precinct which was surrounded by walls. There were gateways into this enclosure at the east and west ends and colonnades opened toward the temple on two sides of the rectangle. These were doubtless erected for the convenience of vendors and visitors to the Isthmian Games, which were celebrated in April every other year.

(In addition to the sanctuary site, exploratory trenches were dug in the neighbourhood; and a considerable number of dwelling sites of the Classical era were discovered, especially on the ridge south-west of the sanctuary. These may have been the dwellings of priestesses connected with the cult. Much yet remains to be excavated. Ruins of the theatre, stadium and other secular structures are visible above ground; and shrines to Palaimon, Demeter, Kore, Artemis and Euteria may yet be identified. The site of the Isthmian Games offers a fertile field for future exploration.)



FIG. 7. A BUILT-IN BATH-TUB OF THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C. FOUND IN A HOUSE ON THE HIGHER GROUND ABOVE THE TEMPLE. THESE HOUSES MAY HAVE BEEN USED TO HOUSE PRIESTESSES OF THE CULT. THE TUB IS PARTLY CUT IN THE ROCK AND PLASTERED WITH WATERTIGHT CEMENT. THE PRESENCE OF ASH AND CARBON IN FRONT OF THE BATH SUGGESTS THAT THE WATER WAS HEATED THERE.

BRAVE, ARMED AND WATCHFUL, YET BUSY WITH DAILY DUTIES: A TYPICAL KENYA HOUSEWIFE.



SHOWING THE TOWER WHICH THE OWNER BUILT FOR A "FORTRESS" AND LOOK-OUT: MR. VENN FEY'S HOMESTEAD AT SOUTH KINANGOP, KENYA, FROM THE GARDEN.



WITH HER PISTOL IN A HOLSTER ON HER BELT—IN CASE OF NEED: MRS. VENN FEY SUPERVISING KIKUYU WOMEN WORKING IN THE GARDEN. HER YOUNGEST SON IS IN HIS PERAMBULATOR IN THE BACKGROUND.



CLEANING A RIFLE DURING A CHECK-UP OF THE ARMS AND AMMUNITION KEPT IN THE TOWER "FORTRESS" OF HER KENYA HOME: MRS. VENN FEY, WHOSE CALMNESS IS TYPICAL OF THAT DISPLAYED BY MANY KENYA WIVES.

Continued.

who carry out their usual avocations and tasks under constant threat of danger. On this and the following page we illustrate aspects of life for a typical farmer's wife in Kenya. Mrs. Venn Fey's husband owns a farm which was created from virgin soil by his grandfather, in South Kinangop. He has taken a temporary commission



STRONGLY BUILT AND WELL-PROVISIONED AND SUPPLIED WITH ARMS AND AMMUNITION: THE TOWER OF THE VENN FEY HOMESTEAD, CONSTRUCTED FOR PROTECTION AGAINST TERRORISTS.



A FAIR PROSPECT OF LAND ONCE SAFE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO ROAM OVER—NOW AN AREA WHERE DANGER IS EVER-PRESENT: A VIEW FROM THE VENN FEY HOMESTEAD. MR. VENN FEY'S GRANDFATHER WAS THE ORIGINAL OWNER OF THE FARM.

THE calmness of British women in Kenya in the face of Mau Mau terrorism is remarkable. There have been many cases of heroism and presence of mind, such as that of Mrs. Jolley, who saved her husband's life by shooting the terrorist who had wounded him; and of Mrs. Carnelley (whose photograph appeared in our last week's issue) who, when her pistol jammed, saved her children's lives by pleading in Swahili with the Mau Mau. But what is perhaps even more impressive than bravery under attack is the daily fortitude displayed by women

(Continued below.)

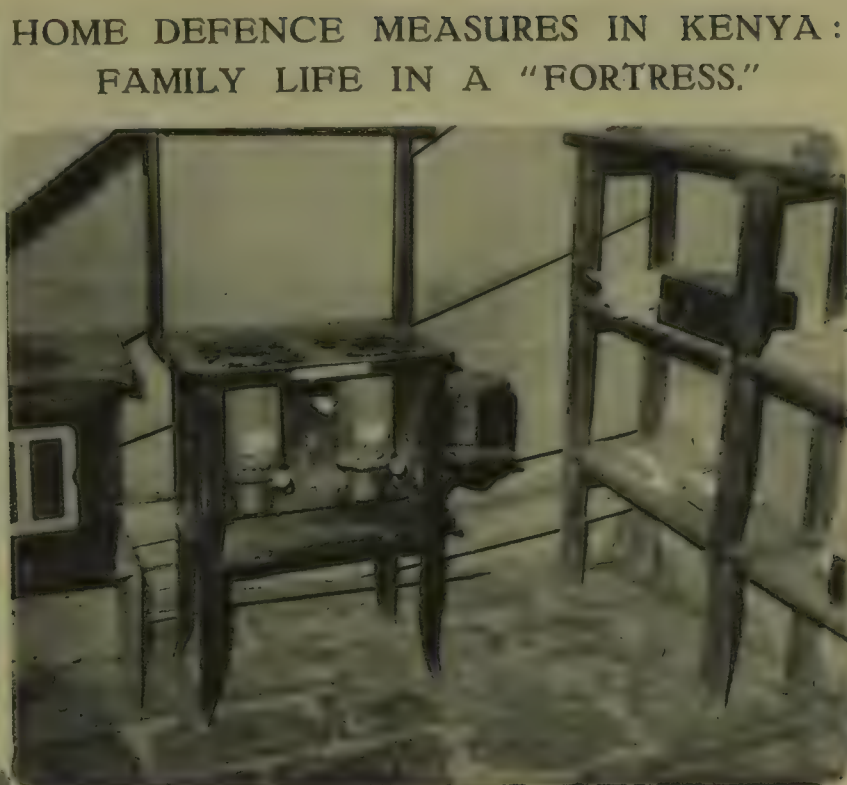


THE HOUSEWIFE WITH THE BROOM AND THE PISTOL: MRS. VENN FEY SWEEPING OUT THE CHILDREN'S ROOM IN THE TOWER, AND WEARING A PISTOL IN A HOLSTER AT HER WAIST.

in The Kenya Regiment, and trains long-range anti-Mau Mau tracker groups. His wife and four small children are at the farm, where Mr. Venn Fey has had a strong stone look-out tower and "fortress" constructed for their protection. It is well provisioned and stocked with arms and ammunition.



LOOKING OUT FROM THE HIGH WINDOWS OF THE WATCH-TOWER AND "FORTRESS" OF THEIR HOME IN KENYA: MRS. VENN FEY AND THREE OF HER FOUR LITTLE BOYS



SHOWING HOW PREPARATIONS FOR EMERGENCY COOKING HAVE BEEN MADE: THE OIL STOVE WHICH HAS BEEN INSTALLED IN THE TOWER OF THE VENN FEY FARM.



IN THEIR BEDROOM IN THE "FORTRESS" TOWER WHICH IS ATTACHED TO THEIR HOME AT SOUTH KINANGOP, AND IS KEPT PROVISIONED WITH FOOD AND ARMS: FOUR-YEAR-OLD MARTIN (LEFT) AND SIX-YEAR-OLD CHRISTOPHER FEY.



THE YOUNGEST CHILD OF MR. AND MRS. VENN FEY: ANDREW, WHO IS JUST A YEAR OLD, IN HIS COT IN THE TOWER BEDROOM.



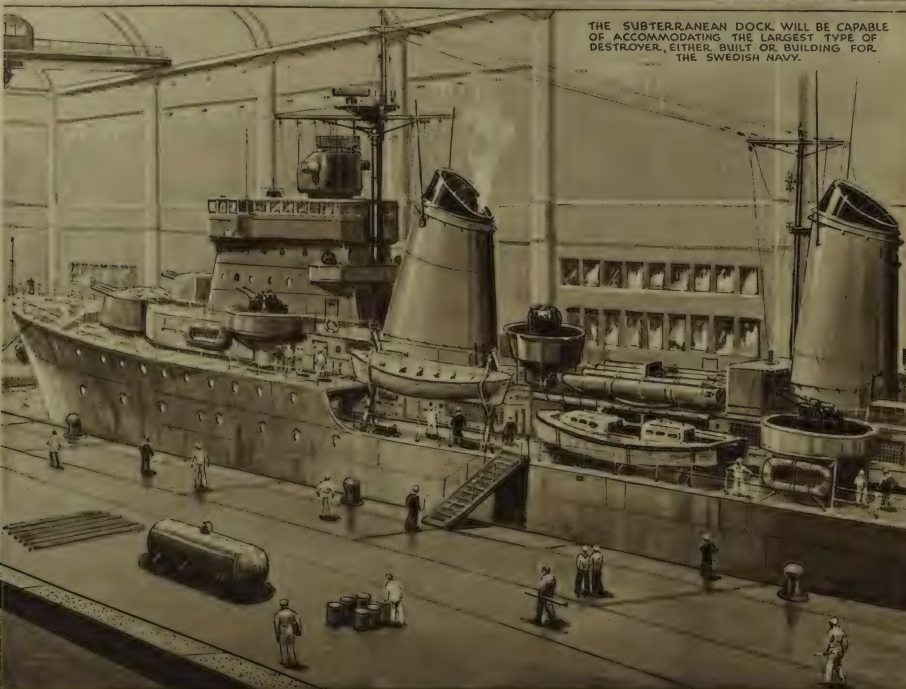
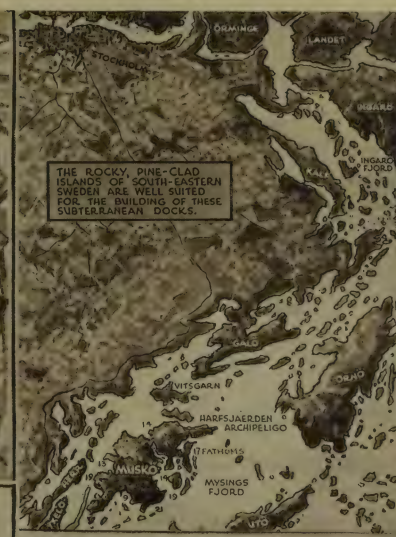
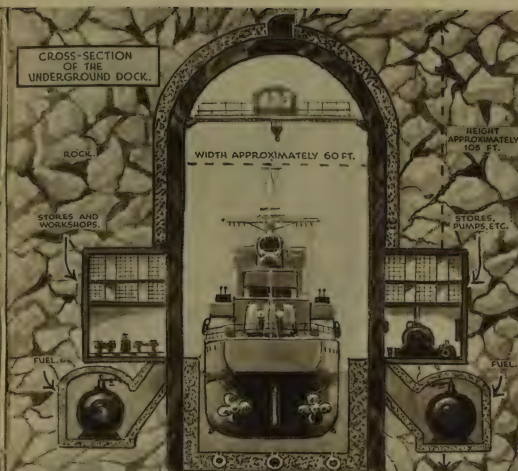
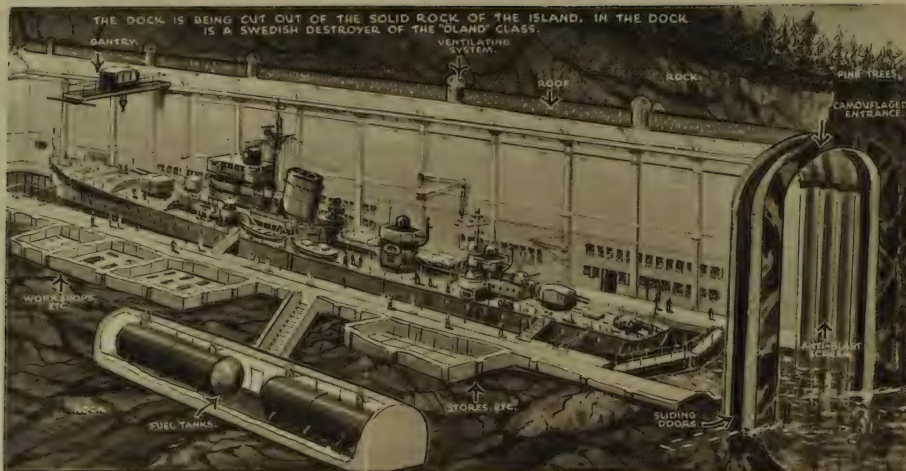
CLIMBING THE NARROW STAIR OF THE TOWER "FORTRESS": MRS. VENN FEY AND THREE OF HER SONS, CHRISTOPHER (LEFT), MARTIN AND BABY ANDREW, IN HIS MOTHER'S ARMS.



A KENYA "FRONT LINE" FAMILY UNDISMAYED BY THE THREAT OF MAU MAU: MRS. VENN FEY WITH HER FOUR BOYS, CHRISTOPHER, MARTIN, THREE-YEAR-OLD JOHN AND BABY ANDREW, ENJOYING A MEAL IN THEIR HOME AT SOUTH KINANGOP.

The life of a "front line" family in Kenya is illustrated by the photographs on these pages. Mr. and Mrs. Venn Fey are examples of the fine type of British farmers who remain steadfast in spite of the Mau Mau terrorism. Mr. Venn Fey's farm at South Kinangop, under the shadow of Elephant Peak, in the Aberdare Mountains, came to him as a family estate, as his grandfather was the first owner. The stone tower which he has had constructed for the

protection of his wife and four small boys is both a look-out and a "fortress." Mrs. Venn Fey carries out her household avocations, looks after her children and supervises native labour in the garden and estate undismayed by possible danger; but she always has a pistol in a holster at her waist and would be ready, and well able to use it should the necessity arise; and she watches over her children with untiring care.



DEFENCE AGAINST THE HYDROGEN BOMB: HUGE, WELL-CAMOUFLAGED, SUBTERRANEAN DOCKS, BUILT IN SWEDEN'S BALTIC ISLES AND CAPABLE OF HOUSING THE MOST MODERN DESTROYERS.

It will be recalled that during World War II, the Germans built many bomb-proof concrete docks to house their U-boats, and that factories, both in Germany and in the United Kingdom, "went underground" into natural caves or specially-constructed shelters. Shortly after the first atom bombs had been dropped on Japan, Sweden began constructing a network of shelters deep under rock and mountain and the Swedish Government announced in April that many of them

had been completed. Recently they have released particulars of a new subterranean dock capable of taking Sweden's largest destroyers, which, they claim, will be proof against the hydrogen bomb. The dock is situated on one of the numerous islands of the Hærøfjaerden Archipelago, and in an interview with our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, a member of the Swedish Naval Staff stated that the dock, which would be completed in 1960, would be nearly 500 ft. long, 105 ft. high

and about 60 ft. wide. The length of the most modern Swedish destroyer is under 400 ft., so that there would be ample room for larger warships. This dock, no doubt, will be the forerunner of other and larger docks to be built on the many islands on the Baltic coast of Sweden. Construction of these underground shelters is comparatively cheap, because many of them are natural caves or grottos, with deep-water approaches, which the Swedes had only to enlarge and equip. In

addition, many of the islands are pine-clad and the entrance to a subterranean dock, with artful camouflage, can be rendered almost invisible to an enemy ship or aircraft. The shelters already built can accommodate not only civilians but also defence staffs, radar operators and essential civilian administrative staffs; and some are fitted out as servicing stations. Alongside these stations are galleries where aircraft can be stored, safe from attack.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.

CHOSEN AND DESCRIBED BY SIR GERALD KELLY: PICTURES AT THE R.A.



(ABOVE.) "BUILDING A ROAD"; BY JOSEPH VERNET (1714-1789). SIGNED AND DATED J. VERNET f. 1774. (39 by 63½ ins.) (Musée du Louvre.)

"This magnificent landscape is by Vernet, who at one time was so much admired, but nobody seems excited about his work nowadays, and I cannot understand why. What is it that makes the present generation uninterested? Go and look at it carefully."

(RIGHT.) "FÊTES VÉNETIENNES"; BY ANTOINE WATTEAU (1684-1721). (22 by 18½ ins.) (National Gallery of Scotland.)

"This 'Fêtes Vénétiennes' deserves a place of honour among the Watteau paintings, and splendidly holds the centre of the wall in the Academy. I had really believed that our picture at Dulwich was the best Watteau in the British Isles, but the condition of the Edinburgh one is so fine, and this is rare because, though he was such a consummate draughtsman, Watteau frequently got the paint of his pictures into a mess from using too much medium. All the qualities are here: the poetic atmosphere—a mixture of sadness and gaiety—delightful composition, exquisite drawing, lovely colour and beautiful quality of paint. Alas, I have to admit that this quality makes it even more desirable than the Dulwich picture."



"ANNE BROUN"; BY ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-1784). (30 by 25 ins.) (Sir Mark Dalrymple, Bart.)

"This is a picture that I've always loved; I've known it for years, since the Scottish Exhibition in the Royal Academy in 1939. I've never been able to forget it, nor wanted to. It is so delicate, so complete, so demure. Not a pretty woman, but obviously one of immense charm. Ramsay always painted lace and frills with exquisite precision and distinction. It is an admirable example of Ramsay's skill as a portrait-painter, and for me, one of the most wholly satisfying portraits painted in the British Isles."



"THE CELLAR BOY (LE GARÇON CABARETIER)"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-SIMEON CHARDIN (1699-1779). (18½ by 14½ ins.) (University of Glasgow, Hunterian Collection.)

"This exquisite picture should at once be recognised for the masterpiece that it is. The actual ingredients are very simple: a scullery or out-house; a tub of water; in the foreground an earthenware pitcher and a black bottle with a funnel in it, three red buckets fastened together and on the wall hangs a slate with some tally on it. Then there is the gawky lad, dressed in a dirty apron, scrubbing out a water-bottle. He's balancing the bottle with his left hand firmly pressed on the handle, and in his right hand he has the long-handled brush with which he is scrubbing the bottle. How beautifully drawn—look at the boy's right arm. Few painters had the unprejudiced eye which enabled them to record the light, simply and faithfully, and thus to produce masterpieces. So little? So much!"



"THE LITTLE ORANGE TREE"; BY HENRI HORACE ROLAND DE LA PORTE (c. 1724-1793). (23½ by 19 ins.) (Staatliche Kunsthalle, Karlsruhe.)

"I saw this little picture at least fifty years ago, probably more, and I fell in love with it. In those days it was attributed to Chardin, but some time ago the receipted bill for it turned up and it was found to have been painted by Roland de la Porte. I like pictures; I can be in love with a picture, but not with an attribution, and though this picture is painted by Roland de la Porte, I like it just as much as when it was ascribed to Chardin. The drawing of the leaves is so beautiful that it is even better than just looking at a dear little orange tree in a romantic, tender light. For twenty years I had a reproduction of it hanging on the wall of my studio, and I've always had a photograph to look at from time to time. It is an immense joy to see the original. What a lesson in vision! And what I particularly admire and is so rare is the humility with which this sincere painter worked. He makes us share his pleasure in this delightful little tree."

"PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN MAN"; BY ALLAN RAMSAY (1713-1784) (ATTRIBUTED TO). (30 by 25 ins.) (Mr. C. D. Rotch.)

"This is another favourite of mine. I saw it years ago in a private house, where from time to time I still see it. I do not know a more pleasant portrait; the fellow must have been a nice creature and the painter must have been extremely sensitive of his charm. I wish that I had painted it."



"MADAME DE POMPADOUR"; BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER (1703-1770). (14½ by 17½ ins.) (The National Gallery of Scotland.)

"Boucher was fortunate to have Madame de Pompadour to employ him and Madame de Pompadour was very fortunate indeed to have this exquisite painter to follow into her special world of luxury, frivolity and loveliness. He painted a very famous picture of her, which was lent by Baron Maurice de Rothschild to the Royal Academy in 1932 to the Exhibition of French Painting, but, alas, I could not prevail upon its owner to lend it to us this winter. It is a large and very imposing picture of splendour and beauty of design. Fortunately, there is in Edinburgh, in the National Gallery of Scotland, this small reduction of the top half of that picture, and within its limits and intention, it is a masterpiece, unblameable. She wasn't such a very pretty woman, this Madame de Pompadour, but she was gay, *soignée* and the best-dressed woman of her time. What an enchanting sight she must have been, and thanks to Boucher, what an enchanting sight she still is."

OUR readers will remember the commentaries we published by Sir Gerald Kelly, past P.R.A., on the Dutch and Flemish Exhibitions, the cleaned Dulwich Pictures, and the John Retrospective Exhibition: and in this issue he discusses his choice of the 18th-century European Masters at the R.A.

SIR GERALD KELLY ON THE R.A. EXHIBITION: COMMENTS ON SOME OF HIS FAVOURITE WORKS.



ON this and the preceding page we reproduce twelve paintings from the Exhibition of European Masters of the Eighteenth Century at the Royal Academy, which Sir Gerald Kelly, past P.R.A., has selected for comment in *The Illustrated London News*. It is particularly interesting to read Sir Gerald's appreciation of works in the current exhibition, as it is the last of
(Continued below, left.)

(LEFT.) "JEAN-GEORGES WILLE"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE GREUZE (1725-1805). SIGNED AND DATED J. B. GREUZE 1763. (23½ by 19½ ins.) (Musée Jacquemart-André.)

"The last generation admired Greuze's sentimental young ladies crying over a dead sparrow and exposing one bosom in the excitement of the moment. Though he painted these exercises in rather cheap sentiment, Greuze was a superb draughtsman, and he has painted a whole series of extremely fine portraits. Here is one of the best from the Musée Jacquemart-André, and we are indeed fortunate that they should have lent it. Look at the painting of the cheeks."

(Continued.) the great series to be held at the Royal Academy during his presidency, and one specially dear to his heart, for he wrote in the foreword to the catalogue: "I have dreamed of this exhibition for years, for I have so great a love for the French painting of the eighteenth century..."

(RIGHT.) "A LADY PAINTING"; BY JEAN-MARC NATTIER (1685-1766). (36½ by 30 ins.) (Musée Central, Metz.)

"Surely this is one of the most charming pictures in the whole Exhibition. This pretty woman, sitting down gracefully, and so charmingly sketched, for it is in no way a finished picture. The pictures Nattier finished, and which built up his great reputation are elaborate; and, I think, modern taste does not admire them so very much. But this one is really delightful. How admirably drawn it is; and the volumes of the body are so well understood. This makes most of the Gainsboroughs look thin and feeble. A delightful and very remarkable work."



(LEFT.) "MLLE. EMILIE VERNET, AGED NINE"; BY NICOLAS-BERNARD LÉPICIER (1735-1784). SIGNED AND DATED LÉPICIER 1769. (15½ by 12½ ins.) (M.M. Cailleux, Paris.)

"Poor little Miss Vernet; she looks a frail little creature, and I'm told she died shortly after this exquisite little portrait was painted. It is tender without being in any way sentimental; it's most beautifully drawn and superbly designed—look at the hand, a miracle of understanding and observation. I wish we knew how to draw like that nowadays."

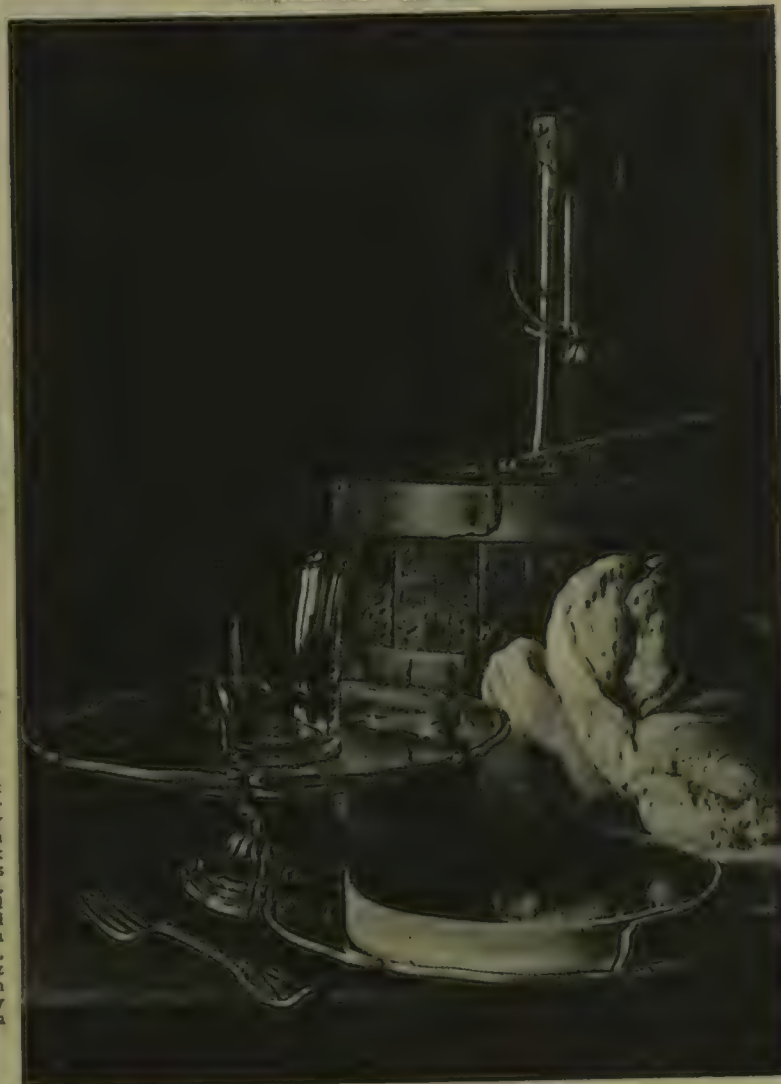
(RIGHT.) "STILL-LIFE, WITH FEWTER, GLASS AND BREAD"; BY LUIS MENENDEZ (1716-1780). (19 by 14 ins.) (Museo del Prado, Madrid.)

"Menendez was one of the really great representational painters. In contemplating the visual world as revealed by light, he got the impulse and inspiration for his painting and the power and weight of his mind were so great that his pictures have a very rare nobility. Many people, passing still-life, say: 'What, pots and pans!' and then go on to be easily moved by a sentimental misrepresentation of a sunset or so-called religious picture. This, or any of the other pictures by Menendez in the Exhibition should convince them how sonorous and sensitive is the beauty that can be seen through the eyes of a noble painter."



"THE WHITE DUCK"; BY JEAN-BAPTISTE OUDRY (1686-1755). SIGNED AND DATED J. B. OUDRY 1753. (37½ by 24½ ins.) (The Marchioness of Cholmondeley.)

"I know this picture very well and I've often found myself wondering whether it is the most perfect still-life in the world. It's a very distinguished thing. It's virtually without any spiritual significance. It is just a thing of beauty. A white duck—a nice object, but never so beautiful before; a pot full of cream—*crème Chantilly*, with some discoloured almonds stuck in it. There is nothing to recommend it, except the beautiful arrangement that the painter made, and we are permitted to share in the vision. He lends us his eyes, and the most inattentive of us, the stupidest and the laziest of us, who are incapable of looking at things for ourselves, cannot but recognise what a privilege we are enjoying. All white (if silver is white), except for the three yellow notes of the duck's bill and webbed feet. The delicious grey-whites of that lovely tablecloth. Surely all of this picture will have encouraged us to look at things with a little more sensitivity. It was years ago that I first saw it, and I've been talking about it ever since. I do not think that anybody, not even Lady Cholmondeley herself, has had more pleasure from this picture than I have had."



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE ALPINE ROSE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Several miniature roses, real dwarfs, a foot or less high, have made their appearance during recent years. They are charming little things, and at flower shows they appear to be sure sellers. But having bought them, folk are often hard put to it to find an appropriate setting for them in the garden, so that all too often they get planted in the rock garden, and that, unfortunately, is just about the most unfortunate setting that could be chosen. I confess I can not suggest a place in the garden where they would look

be done either by cuttings or from the running roots, and that is, necessarily, a slower method than by budding or grafting on some ready-made stock.

The taller 3- to 4- or 5-ft. forms of *Rosa alpina* might well be grown in the rougher background outskirts of the rock garden, as also, of course, might that other mountain species, *Rosa rubrifolia*, with its red-tinged leaves touched with a glaucous blue-grey bloom; but for growing right in

the rock garden, *R. alpina nana* should be the choice. Whether it would breed true from seed I could not say for certain, never having tried the experiment. Only once have I seen the dwarf form growing wild in the Alps, and that was at Mt. Cenis, on the far side of the lake from the hotel. There, growing in a thin layer of soil over solid rock, was a widespread colony of the little rose, carrying myriads of its deep pink dog-roses. Whether that colony was a naturally and consistently dwarf form like the *nana* variety that I have grown, or merely dwarfed and stunted by its starvation conditions in shallow soil, I could not say, and I did not collect and bring any of it home to try. My own stock was given to me originally by that good gardener, the late Colonel Warrender, who had a colony of it several yards across, not, I think, in a rock garden, but a bed devoted to dwarf bulbs and other low-growing things, campanulas, gentians, anemones, etc. In fact a "manavilin bed," such as I described in an article on this page some time ago.

I have been trying the experiment of growing a Christmas rose, *Helleborus niger*, as a pot plant for bringing into the house. About four years ago I raised a batch of Christmas roses from home-saved seed. Most of the seedlings were planted in an open ground bed, but three I grew in pots standing in a shady corner under a wall. A week ago I brought one of them, in a 6-inch pot, into the house. It had five or six flowers half open, all of them just hidden under the canopy of handsome dark green leaves that a healthy Christmas rose plant has at this time of year. Although all the flowers were hidden in this way I brought the plant in, hoping that the slight warmth—oh, so slight—of the house would persuade the flowers

to come up and show themselves above the leaves. This they have done, and there are many more buds to come. It has proved a worth-while experiment and it is a pleasant change to have the lovely white blossoms actually growing with their own leaves, instead of gathered and arranged in a vase or bowl with some alien foliage, or with no leaves at all.

Raising Christmas roses from seed is a most rewarding enterprise. The plants flower within about three years. They like a shady or half-shady position, and prefer a strong loam, but I have never given my plants the quantities of rich manure that are the conventional recommendations, and they produce grand crops of fine blossoms on long, upstanding stems.



especially in Switzerland are popularly known as "Alpenrose." *Rosa alpina* is a variable but always a most delightful shrub. Its height is given as from 3 to 5 ft., "according to position." Its habit is that of a rather erect-growing briar, branched, and with flowers like those of our own dog-rose, about 2 ins. across, of a deep rose-red, and fragrant. The flower-stems are thornless. The fruits or hips are scarlet, and variable in shape; "elliptical or rarely globular, and sometimes flask-shaped." What exactly is meant by "flask-shaped" I do not know. Flasks are of so many shapes—the hip-pocket just-in-case type, the American pocket quart flask of prohibition days, and so on. The hips of the only form of *Rosa alpina* that I grow are nearer the shape of the "Baby Polly" or tonic bottles, though more slender at the neck.

The variety of Alpine rose which I grow is *Rosa alpina nana*, a pigmy form which never reaches a height of more than 12, or, at most, 15 ins. It is a delightful thing for the rock garden, and is, in fact, the only rose that I personally would care to have in the rock garden. A rock garden, that is, which is to be a home primarily for Alpine plants, and not one in which such things as hardy fuchsias, Tom Thumb nasturtiums and blue bedding lobelias are encouraged to jazz up the scene. Often I have heard it argued that blue lobelias are "dwarf, intensely blue, just like gentians—so why not?" There is no arguing with that attitude of mind. The only remedy would be a visit to the high Alps in early June, and it might be a good plan for the patient to take a few lobelias and Tom Thumb nasturtiums and a fuchsia, all nicely in flower, and plant them out among the gentians, the potentillas, mountain violas and anemones, and see how they look.

But please don't mistake me, I do not advocate carrying Alpine plant purism in the rock garden to its logical absurdity, even to the point of strewing tourists' picnic garbage among the gentians, or yodelling as you pick your way among the edelweiss. But I can think of no rose that I personally would care to plant amid a majority Alpine plant population, not even the pigmy China rose, *Rosa roulettii*, which was discovered growing as a window-sill plant in a Swiss chalet and later launched by the great Dr. Corevion himself. It was that Swiss Alpine background, I fancy, which led many rock gardeners into unthinkingly thinking that *R. roulettii* was an Alpine plant, and so a fit companion for true Alpines in the rock garden. In a pot it is charming, but planted out among gentians and the rest, it looks, to me at any rate, like some prim, smug little prig out slumming among the poor.



THE TRUE ALPINE ROSE—*ROSA ALPINA*: FROM AN OLD PRINT, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT FOUND IN A JUNK SHOP, DIVORCED FROM THE BOOK IT ORIGINALLY ILLUSTRATED. THE ARTIST'S NAME IS GIVEN AS "MILLS."

"Its habit," Mr. Elliott writes, "is that of a rather erect-growing briar, branched, and with flowers like those of our own dog-rose, about 2 ins. across, of a deep rose-red, and fragrant. The flower-stems are thornless. The fruits or hips are scarlet and variable in shape." In the dwarf form it is perhaps the only suitable rose for growing in the rock garden.

happily appropriate, unless perhaps in some purely formal arrangement in a stone trough or sink. *Rosa alpina nana*, on the other hand, is the perfect dwarf flowering shrub to grow among the smaller turf-forming Alpines, and it should be given an open space where it can run around without restriction, and send up its suckers to flower where they will. It forms, eventually, a scattered, open forest of growths, so widely spaced that they do not overshadow or spoil the carpet of creeping thymes, antennarias, gentians, etc., from which they spring. It is essential, therefore, to have the rose growing on its own roots and not grafted. But that means that it must always remain a relatively rare and expensive plant, as propagation must always

HOW THEY LIVE TO-DAY: THE WOMEN WHOSE HUSBANDS AIDED HITLER.



THE WIFE OF HITLER'S DEPUTY, WHO MADE A SENSATIONAL LANDING IN SCOTLAND IN 1941; AND IS NOW SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE: FRAU RUDOLF HESS.



THE WIDOW OF HANS FRANK, FORMER GOVERNOR OF POLAND, WHO WAS EXECUTED IN 1946 AFTER BEING TRIED BY THE INTERNATIONAL MILITARY TRIBUNAL, NUREMBERG.



THE WIFE OF FORMER REICHS-MINISTER OF NATIONAL ECONOMY, FRAU WALTER FUNK, WHOSE HUSBAND IS SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE IN SPANDAU PRISON.



WITH HER TWO SONS: FRAU ALBERT SPEER, WHOSE HUSBAND, SERVING A TWENTY-YEAR SENTENCE IN SPANDAU PRISON, WAS MINISTER OF ARMAMENTS AND MUNITIONS. HE JOINED THE NAZI PARTY IN 1931.

ON this page we show the wives and widows of some of those men who ruled Hitler's Third Reich and were tried as war criminals before an International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg in 1946. Almost all these women have retired to the country. Frau Hess, for example, lives in a flat in Gallenberg, Allgäu, where she is writing her second book about her life with Rudolf Hess. Frau Frank, supported by the Church, is living in Munich. Frau Funk lives in a boarding-house near Bad Tölz. Frau Speer has recently got her villa back at Heidelberg. The widow of Fritz Sauckel runs a boarding-house near Berchtesgaden. After being in an internment camp, Frau Himmler was housed by the Evangelical Church Mission. Finally Frau von Ribbentrop lives in a villa in Wuppertal with her children, and is fairly comfortably off.



FRAU FRITZ SAUCKEL, WIDOW OF THE FORMER REICHSSTATTHALTER AND LABOUR CHIEF OF THE THIRD REICH; ONE OF THE EXECUTED WAR CRIMINALS.



THE NOTORIOUS HEINRICH HIMMLER'S WIDOW. HIMMLER, WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE, WAS LEADER OF THE S.S. AND CHIEF OF THE GESTAPO.



WITH THREE OF HER CHILDREN: FRAU JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP, WIDOW OF HITLER'S FOREIGN MINISTER AND AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN, 1936-38. RIBBENTROP WAS EXECUTED AS A WAR CRIMINAL.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE OLD STORY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

JUST as I sat down to write, the telephone bell rang. It was a sad message, though not altogether unexpected: news of the death of an old and a dear friend, Thomas Charles Kemp—I doubt whether anyone called him "Thomas"—for nearly twenty years drama critic of the *Birmingham Post*. Tom Kemp's scholarship, humanity, and charm are a sore loss to English criticism. I shall remember those nights and early mornings after the play at Stratford-upon-Avon, when a small group of critics would settle to talk of the theatre they loved. In spite of some peevish cries to the contrary, any critic worthy of his post does love the theatre, and will talk about it, if need be, until sunrise. Tom Kemp was one of the enthusiasts, a powerful appreciator. Never happier than when listening to Shakespeare, he was yet ready to find pleasure in any manifestation of the stage from variety and revue to Tchekhov or Strindberg. When I saw him last the talk roamed between Olivier and Robey. Later, when it had drifted a little and someone mentioned Byron, Tom leaned forward, with his kind, creased smile, and said simply: "Which one?"

I knew, for we had talked in the past of H. J. Byron's pelting puns, and Tom had raised an eyebrow at some of the choicer examples. Only a theatre-man would have been likely to have had H. J. Byron in mind (surprising competitor to the poet), just as it took a Cornishman to entitle a poem on Hector and Priam, "The Other Troy." That, indeed, was writing for a circle. Who beyond Tamar would be likely to confuse towered Ilium with the Cornish port that "Q" first christened Troy during the eighteen-eighties?

Again I found myself thinking of Tom Kemp as I went on with my article. The play had been "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," by H. J. Byron's precursor, the long-lived James Robinson Planché, and there were puns in plenty, though few, perhaps, with the almost savage Byronic resolution. I suppose one of Byron's most typical efforts is the couplet:

He aims so sure, he kills all birds that fly,
Brings down the heron with un-heron eye.

(Do you get that?) Planché is less troublesome, as a rule; but in a Christmas entertainment at the Players' Theatre we are ready for any amount of tongue-

The story is the old one: the slighting of the Fairy (here called Baneful), the curse, the pricking of the finger with a spindle, and the appearance—after what Christopher Sly, in another piece, would have called a "goodly nap"—of Prince Perfect to take the Princess Is-a-belle, christened in the right Early Victorian



"I REMEMBER, TOO, THE ENJOYABLY ALERT PERFORMANCES OF IRLIN HALL AND MARCIA ASHTON": "BLAME IT ON ADAM" (NEW LINDSEY), SHOWING ONE OF THE NUMBERS—"MATINÉE MATRONS"—WITH (L. TO R.) SHEILA MATHEWS, IRLIN HALL AND MARCIA ASHTON.

tradition, for his own. The Sleeping Beauty will be with us through the years; and for myself I can always greet the old story with a cheer, whether it is danced or spoken or mimed, whether it includes the regulation Prince or the new-fashioned Four Colonels. I think, too, of Tennyson's lines on the magic wood:

All creeping plants, a wall of green
Close-matted, bur and brake and briar,
And glimpsing over these, just seen,
High up, the topmost palace spire . . .

lines that remind me of a church I know in a valley. From the high ground above it one looks into a green sea of leaf from which the tower's four pinnacles stand up, curiously, like the legs of an upturned table.

The magical wood at the Players' is a pleasant glade full of punning woodcutters (Larry O'Log is one of them), and with trees that part courteously at the advance of the Prince, and cannon into anyone else who ventures to pass them. When the trees part we see in the distance the kind of castle tower—painted by Reginald Woolley—that can belong only to the Sleeping Beauty, and to a palace that has been silent these hundred years. Soon it is awake again and rendered friendly by the performances of Jane Wenham, Denis Martin, Don Gemmell, and Jean Anderson; and, before we know where we are, we are involved in a decidedly complex Harlequinade. Hattie Jacques, as the Fairy Antidota, who moves portentously in and out of harlequinade and play, has an affinity with the Fairy Slinka Belle in the New Watergate's "pantomime for

parents" not far away. She may also recall another fairy personage: the Queen with that surprising speech, "Who taught me to curl myself inside a buttercup?"

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD" (Players').—1955 enjoys the story of the sleeping Princess in the castle as much as 1840 did. The version by James Robinson Planché is without any Colonels (they are Mr. Ustinov's own), but everything else we expect is there, with a variety of puns and some excellent performances. Jane Wenham is Beauty (Is-a-belle) and Hattie Jacques a most redoubtable Good Fairy. (December 22; seen December 29.)
"BLAME IT ON ADAM" (New Lindsey).—A mediocre intimate revue with one or two useful numbers and a cast that could not be more loyal. (December 31.)

Who taught me to swing upon a cobweb?

Who taught me to dive into a dew-drop
—to nestle in a nutshell—to gambol upon
gossamer?" But there is no need to dwell upon
Gilbert's natural succession to Planché: the coming
of the greater light that dimmed the lesser.

I found the "fairy extravaganza" at the Players' far more exciting than the New Lindsey's intimate revue, "Blame It On Adam." It may be that I was depressed by the hour—5 p.m.—at which the performance I saw began—but the chief trouble was the text of the revue: it dithered around among the usual ideas without ever being especially witty or unexpected. I recall a few likeable numbers, such as Sidney Carter and Donald Swann's "A Bird on My Head," and I remember, too, the enjoyably alert performances of Irlin Hall and Marcia Ashton. Intimate revue, at the moment, is going through a perilous period (observe the failure of "Pay the Piper"). The Muse has been overworked: a little slumber may be good until the day—not a hundred years on—when another Prince Perfect comes for the awakening.

Rumour hints that in the theatre Bernard Shaw's reputation sleeps, and that he, too, must wait for rediscovery. That is a familiar comment about any artist after death. I cannot help murmuring again that those who feel Shaw cannot live in stage history must be householders in the village that voted the earth was flat. A book, just published, is a prize for any Shavian, or any student of the theatre. It is the "Theatrical Companion,"* in which Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson (of the Theatre Collection)—their telegraphic address should be "Infallible, London"—have lovingly traced the history of Shaw in performance. Here are many scores of pictures of the earliest productions of every play, with a mass of uncannily accurate relevant detail corrected to last autumn's Arts Theatre revival of "Saint Joan." I repeat "uncannily": pouncing error-sharps will have little luck. (I do



"ALTHOUGH THIS 'FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA' HAS BEEN ADAPTED BY HATTIE JACQUES AND ARCHIE HARRADINE, IT GOES ON ITS WAY AT THE AMIABLE PACE OF 1840": "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD" (PLAYERS'), SHOWING THE CHRISTENING SCENE WITH (L. TO R.) GOOD FAIRY (HATTIE JACQUES), NURSE (MARGARET ASHTON), BAD FAIRY (ANNIE LEAKE), QUEEN (JEAN ANDERSON) AND KING (DON GEMMELL).

twisting. Although this "fairy extravaganza" of "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood" has been adapted by Hattie Jacques and Archie Harradine, it goes on its way at the amiable pace of 1840, and in the spirit of a programme-note that says: "In strict accordance with the Modern School of Melo-dramatic Composition, Eighteen Years are supposed to have elapsed between the First and Second Parts; One Hundred Years between Second and Third Parts; and considerably more than One Hundred after the Piece is over."



"1955 ENJOYS THE STORY OF THE SLEEPING PRINCESS IN THE CASTLE AS MUCH AS 1840 DID": "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD," SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH THE PRINCESS IS-A-BELLE (JANE WENHAM) PRICKS HER FINGER WITH A SPINDLE. THE WICKED FAIRY (ANNIE LEAKE) IS SEATED ON THE LEFT.

remember another revival of "Passion, Poison, and Petrification," but what could be a tinier minnow? If, as the croakers hold unpersuasively, a sleeping Shavian palace must be awakened, then I am sure that G. B. S., on stirring, will receive the "Companion" with gratitude. I notice T. C. Kemp's name among many that the authors thank. He, too, would have admired the book and prepared to use it fully.

* "Theatrical Companion to Shaw." By Raymond Mander and Joe Mitchenson. Introduction by Sir Barry Jackson. (Rockliff; 42s.)

A GAY MASQUE, AND SOMBRE ROMANCE: TWO NEW BALLETS AT COVENT GARDEN



THE PRINCIPALS OF THE NEW ASHTON BALLET, "VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY PURCELL": (L. TO R.) ELAINE FIFIELD, NADIA NERINA AND ROWENA JACKSON, WITH ALEXANDER GRANT IN FRONT.



THE PAS DE QUATRE, WHICH FOLLOWS THE MUSIC OF THE VIOLAS: ALEXANDER GRANT, WITH (LEFT TO RIGHT) ROWENA JACKSON, ELAINE FIFIELD AND NADIA NERINA.



THE OPENING SCENE AS THE PURCELL THEME IS ANNOUNCED: IN FRONT, THE MASTER OF THE REVELS (ALEXANDER GRANT), WITH THE THREE TEAMS OF DANCERS BEFORE THE BUST OF PURCELL.

AT the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on January 6, the Sadler's Wells Ballet gave the first performances of two new ballets by Mr. Frederick Ashton, both of which were dedicated to the memory of Miss Sophie Fedorovitch. The first, "Rinaldo and Armida," was to music by Malcolm Arnold, with scenery and costumes by Peter Rice. It takes place in an enchanted garden, where the enchantress, Armida (Svetlana Beriosova) falls in love with her victim, Rinaldo (Michael Soames), and dies at his first kiss. The second, "Variations on a Theme by Purcell," is to the music of that name by Benjamin Britten and is a masque-like entertainment. The Master of the Revels, Alexander Grant, gave a notable performance, and the female leads were danced by Elaine Fifiel, Nadia Nerina and Rowena Jackson.



ALEXANDER GRANT, WHOSE RÔLE MOSTLY FOLLOWS THE TIMPANI'S SOUND, WITH PART OF THE CORPS DE BALLET IN THE WALLED GARDEN OF "VARIATIONS ON A THEME BY PURCELL." THE COSTUMES AND DÉCOR WERE BY PETER SNOW.



IN THE PAVILION OF THE ENCHANTED GARDEN OF "RINALDO AND ARMIDA": RINALDO (MICHAEL SOAMES) KNEELS TO ARMIDA (SVETLANA BERIOSOVA), WITH (RIGHT) THE SORCERESS SIBILLA (JULIA FARRON). THE DÉCOR IS ALMOST ENTIRELY BLACK, WHITE AND GREY.



THE APPROACH TO THE CLIMAX OF "RINALDO AND ARMIDA." AS THE LEAVES FALL IN THE ENCHANTED GARDEN, ARMIDA DANCES TO HER DEATH AFTER THE FATAL KISS FROM RINALDO.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



TRAGEDY OR POETRY ON SWAN LAKE?

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE mute swan is at its most magnificent when seen in warm sunshine, on the placid surface of a lake or river, with wings raised and arched over the back, the neck drawn back in an "S" between the wings, and proceeding in a succession of jerks by moving both feet at once. That is how the photographer likes to catch it, and the artist to paint it; and even those making no claims to a special artistic sense find their eyes caught and held by this superb vision in white. Yet despite the poetry in its line, the fact cannot be avoided that in this display of snow-white plumage the swan is being self-assertive, exerting his rights over his territory in all probability, and in a mood readily to become aggressive or hostile. So we need to be careful how we interpret the actions of these birds.

Swans are no more devoted parents than other birds, but because of their large size their actions are more obvious, and made the more so by the long incubation period. In early April we see the pair building their nest of water-weeds, rushes, sticks or any large vegetable matter available on the swampy bank. We see the cob collecting material, picking it up piece by piece, trying it in his bill, throwing or placing it towards the nest, the pen seated or standing in the nest and stretching out her long neck to retrieve it and place it in position. Later, when the five to seven or more large eggs are laid, they are incubated for thirty-four to thirty-eight days, the pen brooding them for most of the time, while the cob stands guard—his wings magnificently arched—and taking over on the nest, chiefly at night, while his mate feeds. A day or so after hatching, the young birds leave the nest for the water, the cob taking charge of them while the pen incubates any unhatched eggs. When all are off the nest, the pen leads the brood, tearing up roots and grasses for them to feed. The cob swims on guard, his wings (magnificently) arched, ready to go into the attack.

There is loyalty among swans; or, rather, there is a strong bond of attachment between the two parents, which are said to pair for life. There is devotion to the brood, too, and this receives emphasis from the way the parents will sometimes carry the young on their backs, and from the long period of family life they enjoy, much longer than in most birds with which we are familiar. As spring approaches, however, and the time for nesting again draws near, the cygnets are driven away from the home waters. Then the same aggressive actions that were formerly turned against anything likely to threaten their safety are now turned against the cygnets themselves. They are chivvied to go farther away, if the parental territory is on a large stretch of water, or to seek fresh waters upon which to settle if the "home" waters are small.

If the picture was always as clear-cut and simple as this there would be little mistaking the trend of events. As it is, the departure of the cygnets does not happen suddenly. Towards the end of the year the young birds go through a moult and following this they begin to show a tendency to explore the world. Concurrently, the parental hostility begins to show itself, not markedly at first, but mounting in intensity as the weeks pass until, when at its height, the parents will not tolerate the young ones near them. It is in this interim period that interpretation of what is taking place can become confused and, deceived by the apparently happy family life of the preceding months, go sadly astray.

We have had such an incident recently at Hayling Island, in the South of

England. In a lake formed in a gravel-pit six young swans were seen to take the air to explore the world. In a day or two they returned. Watchers noticed them returning regularly to the lake and began to wonder what drew them back. Then it was noticed that there was a seventh young swan that was unable to fly and was compelled to remain



ACTIVELY ATTACKING ITS FLIGHTLESS FELLOW: ONE OF THE SIX NORMAL CYGNETS ENDEAVOURING TO BITE THE UNFORTUNATE ABNORMAL CYGNET.

behind when the six flew off. Some of the local people declared that the six young swans had started to migrate but could not bring themselves to leave without their less fortunate brother (or sister). Others thought they could see them trying to urge the lonely swan to take the air and failing, coming back again and again to renew their efforts. There was little doubting the actions of the cob, for he hissed, flapped his wings and chased the unfortunate youngster round the lake for hundreds of yards, so that it was



IN A LAKE IN A GRAVEL-PIT ON HAYLING ISLAND: A CYGNET (LEFT) WHICH IS UNABLE TO FLY IS THE OBJECT OF THE ATTENTION OF THE SIX NORMAL CYGNETS AND THE FATHER. ONE INTERPRETATION OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF THE SWANS IS THAT THE GROUP IS TRYING TO PERSUADE THE ABNORMAL CYGNET TO FLY, BUT THE FACT THAT ALL ARE IN THE ATTITUDE OF AGGRESSION, WITH ARCHED WINGS, SUGGESTS THAT PERSECUTION IS THE MOTIVE.

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compelled to take to the rushes at the side of the lake for safety.

There are, of course, stories of "loyalty" among swans, and even more so among geese, and these tend to colour our outlook. They are, however, based upon the bond between a mated pair and between parents and young in the early stages. It is quite unusual for young birds to show any such bonds once they are nearing the time for leaving the parental shelter. They may continue to show a group-cohesion, as the six appear to have done, but this would be largely due to previous habit and would tend to weaken as time went on. It seems more probable that, in this instance, the six were being chivvied away, aided partly, perhaps, by an impulse to explore beyond the perimeter of what had previously been "home" to them. And there may, however, also have been a natural reluctance to go. The result was the going and the coming back.

If number seven could have flown, the picture would have been normal. There would have been the preliminary flights, with repeated returns, until such time as the parental hostility had reached a pitch sufficiently high to drive them away permanently. There was, however, this unusual factor of one of the brood being unable to fly. Fortunately for our attempts to interpret the course of events a number of photographs were taken of the "loyalty" of the six normal cygnets, and of their alleged well-meaning attempts to "urge" the lonely swan to join them. In all of these, and I have been permitted to examine nearly a dozen of them, both parents and the young six are seen "busking." That is, the wings are arched in the self-assertive or aggressive display. In some pictures one or the other of the six so-called "loyal" cygnets is seen endeavouring to bite the unfortunate flightless one.

Anyone living near the gravel-pit lake on Hayling Island, and having had the privilege of witnessing this event, may prefer the more poetic interpretation. They can hardly be blamed for doing so. The findings of animal psychologists are apt to appear harsh, and the more romantic interpretation pleasing and satisfactory. All the same, we have the evidence of the photographs to suggest that, whatever else may be happening, we are in the presence of one of the most widespread phenomena of the animal world: the persecution of the abnormal by the normal. From this, human beings are no less exempt than their brute brothers. Among human beings abnormality can mean no more than a slight departure from the normal. As a boy, I grew rapidly and was the butt of my school-fellows as a consequence. Fortunately, I stopped at a little over six feet, but it has made me sensitive of the lot of the man 6 ft. 10 ins. or more high, whose passage is followed by derisory glances, grimaces and ill-concealed comment. On the

whole, present-day adults tend to curb these minor persecutions, but children can be quite heartless in the presence of any abnormality. They react instinctively, as animals do, to these things. Those who feed birds at the window often notice the crippled bird that keeps apart from its fellows. There was a crippled rabbit once that, with a dozen others, could be seen feeding on a lawn in the morning. It was always obviously removed from its fellows. Crippled birds, abnormal rabbits, and others like them, suffer the experience which, as the photographs seem to show, this flightless swan is undergoing, and learn to withdraw into solitude.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE, AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



SPOKESMEN FOR THE RAILWAYMEN: MR. J. STAFFORD (LEFT), PRESIDENT, AND MR. J. CAMPBELL, SECRETARY OF THE N.U.R.
On December 21 the Executive of the National Union of Railwaymen decided to instruct 390,000 of their 400,000 members to strike at midnight on January 9 unless the British Transport Commission met their demands for higher wages. An appeal by Sir Walter Monckton, the Minister of Labour, to call off the strike was rejected on December 28, but they agreed to co-operate with the Court of Inquiry which the



MEDIATOR IN THE RAILWAY DISPUTE: SIR WALTER MONCKTON, MINISTER OF LABOUR.

Minister had appointed to examine the dispute. In its interim report this Court blamed both sides for the deadlock over wages, and recommended that negotiations should be resumed at the earliest moment. Just before midnight on January 6 the N.U.R. decided to call off the strike after discussing an offer made to them by the British Transport Commission.



REPRESENTING THE TRANSPORT COMMISSION: SIR BRIAN ROBERTSON (LEFT), CHAIRMAN, AND SIR J. BENSTEAD, VICE-CHAIRMAN.



PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: SIR ROBERT ROBINSON.
At Burlington House on January 7, Sir Robert Robinson was installed as President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science by Dr. E. D. Adrian, the retiring President. Sir Robert, who was President of the Royal Society 1945-1950, is a great organic chemist and received the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1947. He is Waynflete Professor of Chemistry, Oxford University.



WINNERS OF THE HASTINGS CHESS CONGRESS: P. KERES (LEFT) AND V. SMYSLOV, BOTH OF THE U.S.S.R.
First place in the Premier tournament at the Hastings Chess Congress, which ended on January 8, was shared by the Soviet grand masters, Keres and Smyslov, who scored 7 points each. A. Fuderer (Yugoslavia), L. Pachman (Czechoslovakia) and L. Szabo (Hungary) were second with 5½ points, and the British player, C. H. O'D. Alexander, fourth with 4½ points.



DIED ON JANUARY 10: ANNETTE MILLS, WITH "MUFFIN THE MULE" WHICH SHE MADE SO FAMOUS ON TELEVISION.
Loved by many thousands of children for her "Muffin the Mule" television shows, Annette Mills was sixty. She was the sister of John Mills, the well-known actor. In her early years Annette Mills trained for the ballet, then became a song-writer, composing the successful "Booms-a-Daisy" and "With a Feather in her Tyrolean Hat."

DIED ON JANUARY 10: MR. H. A. VACHELL, THE NOVELIST.
Few authors such as Horace Annesley Vachell, who was ninety-three, have maintained such a high standard of craftsmanship over so long a period. His hundredth and last book, "Quests," was published only last year and his first novel, "The Romance of Judge Ketchum," appeared in 1894. Perhaps his best-known work was "Quinneys."



(RIGHT.) DIED ON JAN. 7, AGED EIGHTY-EIGHT: SIR ARTHUR KEITH, F.R.S.
The anthropologist and anatomist, Sir Arthur Keith, was Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1909; President of the Royal Anthropological Institute 1912-14, and from 1917-23 Fullerton Professor of the Royal Institution, of which he was later secretary and treasurer. He was President of the British Association in 1927, and Rector of Aberdeen University in 1930. His books include "Antiquity of Man" and "Religion of a Darwinist." His "Darwin Revisited" has yet to be published.



(LEFT.) DIED ON JAN 7, AGED EIGHTY-FIVE: MR. LAMORNA BIRCH, R.A.
The landscape painter, Mr. S. J. Lamorna Birch, was one of the best-known of the Newlyn School of artists. He took the name of "Lamorna" after the Cornish bay, to distinguish him from another artist. He was elected A.R.A. in 1926 and R.A. in 1934. He is represented by oils and water-colours in public galleries in this country and in Canada, Australia and New Zealand. Born in Cheshire, he began work for a Manchester linoleum factor when twelve. He went to Cornwall when twenty on account of ill-health and began painting.



RECALLED TO BONN: HERR OSCAR SCHLITTER, GERMAN CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES, LONDON, WITH HIS WIFE.
Herr Schlitter was recalled to Bonn after an incident, described by the German Federal Government as "extremely regrettable," at the German diplomatic mission in London. At a Christmas party on December 20 his wife, Frau Daisy Schlitter, told the diplomatic staff that they were in "feindliches Ausland"—"hostile foreign territory."



DIED ON JANUARY 11: MARSHAL RODOLFO GRAZIANI.
Commander of the Italian forces which invaded Abyssinia, 1935-36, Marshal Graziani was seventy-two. In 1940 he invaded Egypt but was recalled after his defeat by the British in 1941. After the war he was sentenced to nineteen years imprisonment for collaboration with the Nazis, but most of his sentence was remitted by an amnesty.



HERO OF THE THIRD TEST MATCH: FRANK TYSON.
The England and Northants fast bowler, Frank Tyson, brought about an Australian batting collapse in their second innings on January 5 at Melbourne, when, in 51 balls and 16 minutes, he took six wickets for 111 runs. England winning by 128 runs. Tyson took 7 for 27, and his match analysis was 9 for 95.



AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE: MR. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., WITH HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY MISS EDITH MEADOWCROFT.
Mr. Morrison, the Deputy Leader of the Opposition, and former Foreign Secretary, was married at Rochdale, Lancashire, on January 6. The bride, who was given away by Alderman R. S. Schofield, is the daughter of the late Mr. John Meadowcroft and Mrs. William Davies. The best man was Mr. J. W. Raisin, the organiser of the London Labour Party.

A "DRY" LAUNCH, THE CAGE BIRD SHOW, AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



WAITING FOR A "DRY" LAUNCH: THE OLD U.S. LAKE STEAMER *TICONDEROGA* SEEN FROM THE AIR BEFORE BEING FLOATED ON TO THE RAILWAY FLAT-WAGGON (LEFT). The forty-eight-year-old Lake Champlain steamer *Ticonderoga* recently started her last journey to permanent retirement at the Shelburne Museum in Shelburne, Vermont, U.S.A. The old steamer was floated on to a railway flat-waggon inside a specially constructed lagoon. The water was then let out and



BEFORE RETIRING TO THE SHELburne MUSEUM IN VERMONT: THE OLD LAKE CHAMPLAIN STEAMER *TICONDEROGA* RESTING SAFELY ON THE SPECIAL RAILWAY FLAT-WAGGON. The steamer started the 9000 ft. journey to the museum by land, being moved only 200 ft. a day. In the above photographs the special lagoon can be seen (left); and the steamer on the railway flat-waggon (right), as a steam shovel demolishes the lagoon wall in front of the railway line.



AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST DISPLAY OF CAGE BIRDS: A SCENE JUST AFTER THE OPENING OF THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF CAGE BIRDS AND AQUARIA AT OLYMPIA ON JANUARY 6. THE SHOW HAD A RECORD ENTRY THIS YEAR.



THE FIRST WINNER OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD MEMORIAL TROPHY FOR THE BEST PARROT-LIKE BIRD: A RARE SALAWATI KING PARRAKEET SEEN AT OLYMPIA. The Eleventh National Exhibition of Cage Birds and Aquaria was held at Olympia in London from January 6 to 8. The entry of over 9000 birds established a new record. A rare Salawati King parakeet, exhibited by Mr. R. C. J. Sawyer, of London, was the first bird to win the Duke of Bedford Memorial Trophy for the best parrot-like bird in the foreign section. This trophy was bought from subscriptions as a memorial to the late Duke of Bedford, and this was the first occasion that it had been competed for.



BEING SOLD BY AUCTION TO TELEVISION AUDIENCES: ONE OF THE MANY LOST, UNCLAIMED DOGS OF HAMBURG WHICH WILL IN FUTURE BE DISPOSED OF IN THIS WAY.

There is no excuse for Daddy not buying a bow-wow in Hamburg, for in future all abandoned or unclaimed lost dogs will be sold by auction. The method employed is to televise the dog to be sold and allow television audiences to bid. It is fervently hoped by the Hamburg authorities that many hapless, stray dogs will in this way be saved from destruction and be given comfortable homes.



TO ENABLE PARALYSED PERSONS TO READ: A NEW READING APPARATUS BEING TESTED BY A PATIENT IN A STOCKHOLM HOSPITAL, WHILE A NURSE LOOKS ON.

A new reading apparatus for people who are ill with poliomyelitis or paralysed in some other way is now being tested in a Stockholm hospital. Books, magazines, etc., are microfilmed and then projected on to a glass plate in the apparatus, into which the patient looks. The pages are turned by means of a button, which needs only a slight touch of the finger, the chin or the cheek to operate the mechanism.

TYSON TRIUMPHS AGAIN: ENGLAND'S VICTORY IN THE THIRD TEST MATCH.



KEITH MILLER, OF AUSTRALIA, BATTING TO STATHAM'S BOWLING, TO WHICH HE FELL IN THE FIRST INNINGS. STATHAM'S MATCH ANALYSIS WAS SEVEN WICKETS FOR 98.



THE WORLD'S FASTEST BOWLER IN ACTION: TYSON BOWLING TO FAVELL IN AUSTRALIA'S FIRST INNINGS AT MELBOURNE. FAVELL HAS JUST TURNED THE BALL TO LEG AND EVANS AND THE STRING OF SLIPS HAVE JUST RELAPSED FROM THE MOMENT OF EXTREME TENSION. TYSON'S MATCH ANALYSIS WAS 9 FOR 95.



P. B. H. MAY, ENGLAND'S TOP SCORER IN THE SECOND INNINGS, PLAYING CAUTIOUSLY TO THE BOWLING OF W. JOHNSTON IN THE LATER STAGES OF HIS INNINGS OF 91. MAY'S INNINGS WAS DESCRIBED AS ONE OF RARE BEAUTY AND CLASS, WITH A FLOW OF PURE AND ELEGANT DRIVES.

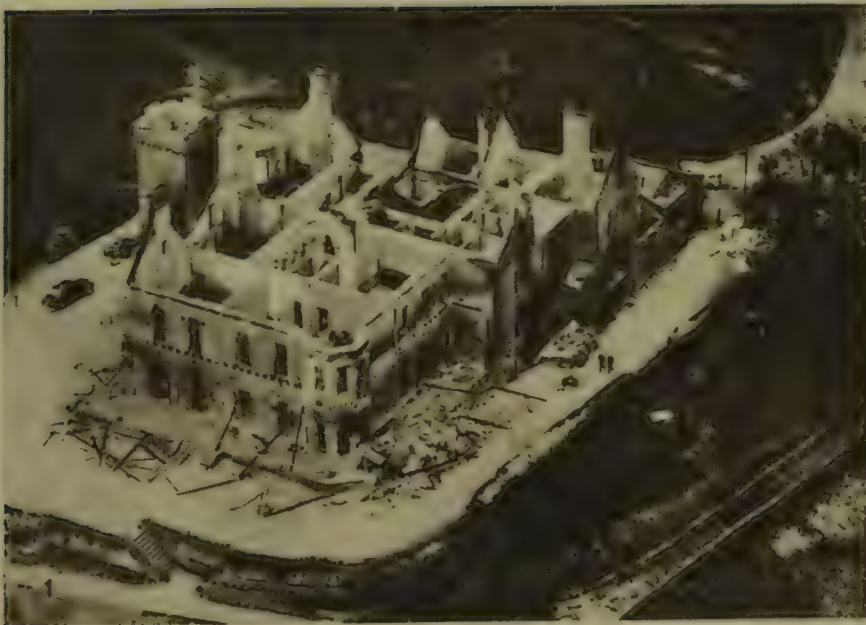


COLIN COWDREY PUTTING A BALL FROM ARCHER TO THE LEG DURING HIS GREAT INNINGS OF 102, WHICH WAS MORE THAN HALF OF ENGLAND'S FIRST INNINGS SCORE OF 191.

England won the Third Test match at Melbourne by 128 runs and so became one up with two to play in the present series; and although Tyson and Statham more or less shared the wickets, Tyson's most devastating spells came in the dramatic fourth innings, in which Australia were tumbled out for 111; and so the match, like the Second Test, again appears as Tyson's triumph. The game opened at Melbourne on December 31 and Hutton won the toss and chose to bat. Just before six o'clock England were all out for 191, of which the youngest member of the side, Colin Cowdrey, of Kent, made 102 in an innings of majestic and beautifully-timed strokes. Only Hutton (12), Bailey (30) and Evans (20) of the others reached double figures. Miller took 3 for 14 and Archer 4 for 33, Johnson, Johnston and Lindwall taking one each. On January 2 and 3, Australia's first innings reached 231, with Maddocks (47) (playing in his first Test),

Ian Johnson (33) and R. N. Harvey (31) as the top scorers. Tyson took 2 for 68, Statham 5 for 60, while the slower bowlers also came into the picture, Appleyard taking 2 for 38 and Wardle 1 for 20. England's second innings started on January 3 and continued on January 4, and showed much better form. May batted beautifully to reach 91, while Hutton, though not at his best, scored 42. Compton (23) and Bailey (24) also scored runs and Evans (22) and Wardle (38) both gave typical light-hearted displays. England's total was 279, with Johnston as Australia's best bowler at 5 for 85. Before stumps were drawn on that day Australia scored 75 for 2 and opened on January 5 needing 165 for victory. But Tyson struck his most devastating form, taking 6 wickets for 16 runs, and Australia were all out for 111 at twenty past one, his analysis for the innings being 7 for 27, only Favell (30), Benaud (22), Archer (15) and Harvey (11) reaching double figures.

THE WORST BUSH FIRES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA'S HISTORY: SCENES IN THE AREA OF ADELAIDE.



(1) AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE RUINS OF MARBLE HILL, SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA, WHERE AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR ROBERT GEORGE AND HIS FAMILY NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH. (2) TWO RESIDENTS OF MCLAREN FLAT, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, FLEEING FROM THE FLAMES WITH THEIR CHILDREN IN THEIR ARMS. (3) ANOTHER VIEW OF GUTTED MARBLE HILL. (4) FIREFIGHTERS TRYING TO QUELL THE FLAMES ENVELOPING HOUSES NEAR ADELAIDE. (5) HELPERS TRYING TO SALVAGE SOME OF THE FURNITURE FROM A BURNING CHURCH AT LONGWOOD, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Damage estimated at some £A2,000,000 is reported to have been caused by the worst bush fires in South Australia's history which devastated hundreds of square miles of cultivated and bush land at the beginning of January. The fires in the Adelaide Hills were the most serious, and the flames roared through the scrub to the city suburbs, driven by a high wind. Two men were reported to have lost their lives, and many more lost their homes and their possessions. Among the houses which were gutted was Marble Hill, the summer residence of the Governor of South Australia, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Robert George, who, with members of

his family and suite, narrowly escaped death trying to save the residence. Another man who had a narrow escape was Mr. Thomas Playford, the South Australian Premier, whose home is in the Adelaide Hills. Bush fires were also reported from Victoria, where 14,000 sheep were destroyed in the neighbourhood of Coleraine, 200 miles west of Melbourne, and 100,000 acres of pastoral, wheat and timber country were devastated by the flames. On January 3 temperatures in both Victoria and South Australia, which had been well over 100 degs., dropped by 40 degs. and rain put out the last of the series of bush fires.



A DARING SEA RESCUE : THE BRITISH LINER QUEEN OF BERMUDA STANDING BY AS ONE OF HER LIFEBOATS APPROACHES THE FOUNDERING STUDENT PRINCE II. (RIGHT).

On January 6 the Furness Withy liner *Queen of Bermuda* (22,501 tons) went 150 miles off course to answer an SOS from the fishing-vessel *Student Prince II.*, which was foundering in heavy seas 185 miles off Bermuda. The liner was guided to the scene by U.S. Air Force and

Coastguard aircraft. After oil had been pumped overboard, a lifeboat was launched from the liner and the crew of ten were rescued from the fishing-vessel. The rescue, which was carried out with great courage and skill, was watched by most of the liner's 135 passengers.



WAITING THEIR TURN TO GREET THE EMPEROR : SEEMINGLY ENDLESS SNAKE-LIKE QUEUES OF PEOPLE OUTSIDE THE PALACE GROUNDS IN TOKYO, JAPAN.

This aerial photograph shows the strange scene outside the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, when nearly 150,000 people went to convey their New Year greetings to Emperor Hirohito of Japan and the Empress. This year the long, snake-like queues proceeded at an orderly pace under

the eyes of the police, who took elaborate precautions to ensure that last year's tragedy—when seventeen people were crushed to death in the crowd and many injured—would not be repeated. The Emperor celebrated the New Year on January 1, and the people greeted him on January 2.

TRAGEDIES AVERTED : A DARING SEA RESCUE ; AND ORDERLY QUEUES OUTSIDE TOKYO'S IMPERIAL PALACE.



WHAT remains of mediæval painting in Britain—that is, of "painting" in the sense in which we normally use the word to-day—is so exiguous, thanks largely to the barbarism and intolerance of religious reformers, that many will perhaps be surprised to find a whole volume of the "Pelican History of Art" devoted to it. Their surprise will be lessened as soon as they realise that the term includes both manuscript



"HARROW-ON-THE-HILL"; BY THOMAS GIRTIN (1775-1802).

SIGNED T. GIRTIN 1794. (Water-colour; 4½ by 5½ ins.) (Girtin Collection.)

This water-colour is "an example of Girtin's less strictly topographical productions of this time [1792-94] . . .", and "was obviously a labour of love; it has an ingenious charm absent from those produced more directly under the yoke of Moore and Dayes and conversely lacks the rather pedantic strength of their architectural drawing."

illustrations and work in stained glass. The manuscripts were obviously made for the few who could read; the stained glass and the paintings (mostly wall-paintings) for those who could not. With very few exceptions the wall-paintings cannot be compared with anything of a similar character in Italy, for we never produced a Giotto or anyone approaching his stature, but we did design some notable stained glass, and English illuminated manuscripts contributed a lively and characteristic chapter to the story of that most exquisite miniature art.

It is, I think, difficult for most people in a workaday world to appreciate the niceties of these early illuminations. The originals have to be kept under glass and the pages cannot be turned over at leisure by casual visitors, so that the vast majority of us have to depend upon reproductions in expensive publications and upon those excellent coloured Christmas cards which most of the great libraries publish from time to time—I am, for example, just now, particularly grateful to friends in Paris for two beautiful reproductions of pages by Jean Bourdichon, from the Bibliothèque Nationale Collection. The more such enchanting things can be spread about, the better for all of us. There is also, I believe, a further reason for the lack of interest on the part of the average man in the very early miniatures—from those of the Irish-Saxon school of the eighth century, to the specifically English manuscripts of the thirteenth century: we omit to notice the decorative patterns, which are intricate and masterly, but concentrate upon the figures, and especially the features, and, as often as not, find them repellent, with a nursery anatomy and excessively lugubrious and dyspeptic faces. In time we come to understand them better, even admire them, but no amount of exhortation by our pastors and masters makes us love them as we do the later and more technically accomplished miniatures of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with their queer beasts in the borders, their flowing lines and warm human sentiment.

The whole story is revealed in great detail by Dr. Margaret Rickert, with the aid of a chart,

* On this page Frank Davis reviews, "The Pelican History of Art; Painting in Britain, The Middle Ages," by Dr. Margaret Rickert. 192 pages of half-tone illustrations. (Penguin Books; 42s.); "The Art of Thomas Girtin," by Thomas Girtin and David Loshak, with a catalogue, frontispiece in colour and 108 monochrome illustrations. (A. and C. Black; 50s.); and "Fifty Centuries of Art," by Francis Henry Taylor, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 342 colour reproductions. (For the Metropolitan Museum of Art, by Harper and Bros., New York; in England by Hamish Hamilton; 35s.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

FROM A TO Z.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

glossary, ample notes and nearly 200 pages of illustrations, ranging from The Book of Durrow (seventh century) to the window in the Priory Church, Great Malvern, of the year 1501, with its portrait of Prince Arthur. It is perhaps of interest to note that this distinguished American scholar appears to be of the opinion that the Wilton Diptych in the National Gallery, representing the young King Richard II., is English, and neither Italian nor French, nor even Anglo-French. "The simplicity and naivety with which the figures are rendered, the informality of the composition, the tender, mystic mood, the exquisite delicacy of the workmanship are all characteristics that recur in English manuscript painting. English also is the flatness of the figures and faces which, in spite of the careful surface shading, could not be described as really modelled. . . . The style of the Wilton Diptych seems to represent the English version of the International style which was spreading over Europe in the later decades of the fourteenth century."

The next book to be noticed is a long-awaited monograph on the English water-colour artist Thomas Girtin (1775-1802), by his great-grandson, Thomas Girtin, and David Loshak, the latter being mainly responsible for the text, the former (he is now eighty years of age) for the catalogue. It is a reference book of the first importance for the study of Girtin, with a detailed descriptive list of some 600 drawings and more than 100 illustrations. No doubt many readers will like to be reminded that Dr. Thomas Girtin, the painter's son, began to make a collection of English water-colours, including many of his father's, in about 1830, and that the family has been adding to it ever since; some may remember with pleasure, as I do, an exhibition of many of the choicest items in this collection at Sheffield in 1953. I have the catalogue

of this show in front of me as I write, and I see that against one drawing, a beautiful little sketch of a Temple in Harewood Park—very loose and delicate, and made in 1798, when Girtin was staying at Harewood House—I have scribbled "Could Wilson Steer have seen this?", which is some indication of what I feel about this man, who died at the age of twenty-seven, and of whom Turner is said to have remarked "If Tom Girtin had lived, I should have starved."



CALLED "GODALMING, SURREY": A FINE WATER-COLOUR BY THOMAS GIRTIN (1775-1802). SIGNED GIRTIN 1800. (12½ by 20½ ins.) (Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester.)

"In the year 1800 Girtin's art underwent a profound transformation," and at this time he produced "a relatively uniform set of landscape paintings that embody what may be designated as the 'classic' expression of Girtinian Romanticism."

Illustrations by Courtesy of the Publishers of "Painting in Britain: The Middle Ages," and "The Art of Thomas Girtin," two of the books reviewed on this page.

The Edward Lascelles of that day was one of Girtin's chief patrons, and the following quotation from Farrington's diary for February 9, 1799, is particularly interesting: "Hoppner told me that Mr. Lascelles as well as Lady Sutherland are disposed to set up Girtin against Turner—who, they say, effects his purpose by industry—the former more genius—Turner finishes too much."

The remark made by Turner is well known; the anecdote concerning the offer made to him in 1779 by Lord Elgin will perhaps be new to many. Lord Elgin had been appointed Ambassador at Constantinople and was looking round for an artist to accompany him to make drawings of the various antiquities under Turkish control. The Italian, Lusieri, was ultimately engaged, and with this began the extraordinary chain of circumstances which—after many years—brought the Elgin Marbles to the British Museum. (It seems rather odd that Mr. Loshak does not mention them.) However, the job was apparently offered to Girtin at a salary of £30 per annum, which he refused. The interview seems to have rankled, for, says this account, "In the course of this negotiation, Girtin had spent many useless hours impatiently by waiting between the hall and the presence-chamber and had the mortification to learn a severe lesson—that his talents were not estimated at half the value of those of his Lordship's valet de chambre."

In "Fifty Centuries of Art," the Director of the Metropolitan Museum, Mr. Francis Taylor, makes available in popular form, with a running commentary, as it were, 342 colour reproductions of major works of art, though why anyone should place an Egyptian boat-model—a piece of amusing and archæologically interesting Noah's ark type of carving—on a par with a Botticelli or a Michaelangelo is difficult to understand. Moreover, the standard of the colour work is unsatisfactory and, in many cases, completely falsifies the original. None the less, provided people recognise that even the best of photographs are poor substitutes for the originals and will remember to use them as either reminders of seen wonders or as stimulants to travel, the more of these books the better. To present a coherent and lucid picture of the whole vast range of art since man first began to draw upon the walls of caves is perhaps beyond anyone's capacity, and no writer could accomplish more than to entice readers to embark upon more specialised studies. No doubt this is Mr. Taylor's aim, and though many will perhaps occasionally raise eyebrows at some of his statements—and raise them higher at a few of his omissions (for example, Gainsborough is praised for his portraits, but there is no mention of his landscapes)—those of us who know how very difficult it is to please all the people all the time, will forgive him; it is a gallant experiment in popular education.



BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST: LATE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY SKETCHES OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS FROM THE PEPSIAN SKETCH BOOK.

(9½ by 7½ ins.) (Pepsian Library, Magdalene College, Cambridge.)

Dr. Margaret Rickert, in referring to the "fortunate preservation of an artist's sketch book . . . which contains material of many kinds collected apparently over a considerable period of time," writes: "The birds in the sketch book are particularly well-drawn and coloured, even though the sketches were obviously intended merely to record the colours rather than to be finished pictures." She adds that the sketch book appears to have belonged to some atelier, but whether this was monastic or secular is problematical, since it includes all kinds of material. [Photograph by V. and A. Museum, Crown Copyright.]

LENT BY THE QUEEN: HISTORIC ROYAL CARRIAGES, NOW SHOWN AT MAIDSTONE.



AMONG THE CARRIAGES LENT BY H.M. THE QUEEN: A DONKEY BAROUCHE, WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO THE ROYAL CHILDREN IN 1846 BY QUEEN ADELAIDE.



A RUSSIAN DROSHKY, FROM WINDSOR, WHICH WAS ORIGINALLY PRESENTED TO QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1850 BY THE TSAR NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.



A DELIGHTFUL FOUR-WHEELED PONY CARRIAGE FOR CHILDREN, FORMERLY AT WINDSOR AND NOW LENT BY THE QUEEN TO MAIDSTONE CARRIAGE MUSEUM.



THE "GARDEN CHAIR," WHICH WAS USED BY QUEEN VICTORIA DURING HER LAST YEARS. IT WAS DRAWN BY THE DONKEY ZORA, WHO DIED IN 1899.



A DELIGHTFUL AND VERY WELL-PRESERVED MINIATURE LANDAU, WHICH WAS USED BY QUEEN VICTORIA. IT IS PART OF THE ROYAL LOAN TO MAIDSTONE.



DESCRIBED AS A "SEDAN CHAIR ON WHEELS": A DELIGHTFUL AND CURIOUS VEHICLE WHICH HAS THE AIR OF BEING A FEATURE OF AN EMMET DRAWING.

The six historic and extremely interesting carriages which we illustrate above have been lent by her Majesty the Queen from the collection at Windsor to the Carriage Museum at Maidstone. The Queen visited this unique museum when she was Princess Elizabeth, in 1946, when she was accompanied by Sir Garrard Tyrwhitt-Drake, and she was then shown the travelling carriage used by King George III. The present long loan of these six carriages from Windsor is a sequel

to that visit; and the Maidstone Town Council have placed on record their appreciation of the services rendered by Alderman Sir Garrard Tyrwhitt-Drake in securing the loan of the exhibits. The carriages are of six distinct types: a Russian droshty, a donkey barouche, a miniature landau, a four-wheeled pony carriage for children, a "garden chair," and a wheeled sedan chair; and together form an exhibit of great technical as well as Royal interest.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

STRICTLY, no doubt, the tone of any writer (if he has got the length of having one) is unique and therefore inexpressible. In practice, luckily, there are degrees; although one can't hope to define, one can refer, in most cases, to "something like." Indeed, analogy is the reviewer's lifeline; and when that fails, all he may say, and all that anybody may have said, will appear off the mark. As with "The Heritage of Quincas Borba," by Machado de Assis (W. H. Allen; 12s. 6d.), the jacket calls it "Machado at his wittiest"—and even that struck a wrong note. Yet certainly this timeless, late-revealed and inexpressible Brazilian is a witty writer: but so entirely in his way, that it would never have occurred to me as the *mot juste*. Also he can, and indeed must, be labelled pessimistic. He has the outlook, more or less, of Schopenhauer. Also like Schopenhauer, he has a winged, imaginative quality; only his fantasy is lighter and more flitting—as it were, a butterfly of gloom. That is the nearest one can get in advance, and it will hardly convey a great deal to those who missed the two earlier novels.

Rubião, a dim little provincial schoolmaster, has been left a fortune. No matter how much; we are not told, and possibly Rubião never knew. "Whatever it was, it was merely a dream that God was letting him have; but a long, unending dream." He had nursed Quincas Borba, the cracked exponent of "Humanism," in the philosopher's last months; and he was feebly hoping for a legacy. Instead of which, he has got everything—free of all charge, except that of his benefactor's dog, likewise named *Quincas Borba*. Indeed, it might be said that the one Quincas really designed his fortune for the other. And, after all, it might be said that the dumb, hapless pensioner had as much good of it...

Not that Rubião would agree. "To the victor the potatoes!"—his dead friend's slogan, so incongruous of old, is suddenly a perfect fit. He is a victor now—leaving his native town to "pull up and eat the potatoes that grow in the capital." And in the very train, he meets young Mr. Palha and his wife: a great friend and a *grand amour*. Sophia has inviting eyes; and just once, after dinner, in the moonlight, her meek adorer bursts forth about eyes and stars, and begs her to look at the Southern Cross every night. That is the zenith of his wooing. He makes her husband a rich man. He has a troop of parasites, who dine with him invariably, whether he is there or not. He has political associates, and hopes. He attends everything, subscribes to everything. Yet the days won't go by—until that happy hour when, as his fortune wanes, imagination waxes...

In short, he ends up as Louis Napoleon. Which is pure delight; while the "realities" chased by the world around him are an empty dream.

OTHER FICTION.

What to say about "The Flower Girls," by Clemence Dane (Michael Joseph; 21s.), I really don't quite know. But one can safely say it is enormous. And genial—packed, overflowing with geniality. And if you like, an outsize hymn—to England and the theatre, or to the theatre and England. And perhaps that will do to be going on with. The hero's name is Jacy Florister; the "Flower Girls" are the female Floristers (mostly his aunts), of the Flower Theatre, Covent Garden—but I agree that is not criticism.

Jacy was brought up in America: brought up to execrate his father, by the doting Isobel, who is American to the backbone. Only it never really took. Jacy wrote Ernest down a monster, as in duty bound; yet he was curious; he cherished a romantic passion for his other country; true to his blood, he made a name and fortune on the films as a child star. Nor would he change his nationality—not in the dark. And now the war is over; Isobel is dead, and Jacy catches the next plane. So far, so good; but from that point billows of Floristers break over him, and all attempt to summarise has to be given up. However, Kean's Yard is expecting him. The theatre was closed during the war, the mighty Uncle Julius is an invalid, the rising Floristers are below par—all, but perhaps this boy of Ernest's. Jacy has no suspicion of his rôle; he is absorbed in the experience of England, in finishing a verse-play about Pocahontas by a dead hero of his youth, and in a whole-souled passion for his cousin...

But it won't compress. Everyone should adore this book, who can get up an interest in it.

"The Spanish Bridegroom," by Jean Plaidy (Robert Hale; 10s. 6d.), requires few words; it would be enough to name the bridegroom, who, as you may have guessed, is Philip II. Because this writer is a stable quantity—never above herself, but always faithful, readable and human. In fact, her only variable is the theme; and though she has more sympathy with Philip than with Henry VIII., and makes the utmost of his distorting, duty-ridden childhood, he remains an unattractive character and a dull dog. Though he may well have been cut out for a fond husband. He adored his early bride, the little Portuguese who died so young. He behaved heartlessly to Mary Tudor—but then the situation was heartless. As for Elisabeth de Valois, she had at least a better bargain in the fanatical, twice-widowed King than in his son Don Carlos, that authentic scion of Juana the Mad. Juana, in her manic seclusion, is the lurid figure of the book; its gayest moment is a cosy little scene between Elizabeth Tudor and her "governess."

"Impact of Evidence," by Carol Carnac (Collins; 9s. 6d.), gives us a straightforward detective story: an event rarer than you might suppose, and, even so, haunted by stodginess. The scene is the lone village of St. Brinneys, on the fringe of Wales, further marooned by flooding. In spite of which, old Dr. Robinson has gone for his usual drive "up the brow." For years he has been deaf, blind and a public danger; now comes the long-expected accident. And when his car is fished out of a ravine, there is a second, unknown body in the back. The doctor, though a resident of fifteen years, is himself virtually unknown; and the men from Scotland Yard have to be ferried back and forth in army duks, in the middle of a local emergency. This, with the rural colour and goings-on, keeps stodginess at bay—and adds a lot to the mere problem, which is good enough.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FAR from repeating his success at Hastings last year, when he beat both the Russian entrants Bronstein and Tolush in turn, Alexander made his first incursion into the headlines as the victim of a brilliant win by Keres in twenty-two moves this time. As the game has received a lot of publicity already, I won't dwell on the opening moves at length:

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

White	Black	White	Black
KERES	ALEXANDER	KERES	ALEXANDER
1. P-K4	P-K4	9. P-B3	Kt-B3
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	10. B-KKt5	Q-Q2
3. Kt×P	P-Q3	11. QKt-Q2	Castles (Q)
4. Kt-KB3	Kt×P	12. Q-R4	P-KR3
5. P-Q4	P-Q4	13. B-R4	P-KKt4
6. B-Q3	B-K2	14. B-Kt3	B×Kt
7. Castles	Kt-QB3	15. Kt×B	P-Kt5
8. R-K1	B-KKt5		



This is where the fur starts to fly. Although I understand Alexander himself has voiced the opinion that king's side castling would have given him a lifeless game, his tenth and eleventh moves seem to have involved a totally mistaken plan; how mistaken, is revealed by the post-mortem discovery that Keres had two ways of winning here. The one he did not adopt was by 16. B-Kt5, e.g. 16... P×Kt; 17. B×Kt, Q×B (or 17... P×B; 18. Q×RP and the threat of mate at Q8 is decisive: 18... Q-B4; 19. R×B, etc.); 18. R-B1, and now 18... Q×Q allows 19. R×QBp forcing 19... K-Kt1, and permitting White to recover the queen by 20. R-B4 discovered check, whilst 18... R-Q2 leaves Black a pawn down after 19. Q×P, R×R; 20. Q-R8ch, K-Q2; 21. Q×R.

Returning to the game itself, it is well to examine the motive of Black's last move: to dislodge White's knight and, if it goes to K5, take it, attacking White's queen at the same time, thus:

16. Kt-K5 Kt×Kt
What has White now, but 17. Q×Qch, R×Q (even better than 17... Kt×Q; 18. R×B); 18. R×Kt, B-Q3 with an excellent game for Black?

17. Q×RP? or 17. B-Kt5? would lose, each to the answer 17... Kt-B3.

17. B-B5!
This is what Black has! An amazing move.

17... Q×B 18. R×Kt Q-Q6
18... Q-Q2, trying to hold his bishop, would lose: 19. Q×P, Q-Q3; 20. R-K3! and no longer can Black safeguard his queen and bishop and parry the threatened mate.

By 18... Q-Kt3; 19. R×B, R-Q2; 20. R×R, Kt×R; 21. Q×P, Black could have restricted his loss to a pawn.

19. R×B R-Q2 21. Q×Q P×Q
20. R-K3 Q-R3 22. B-K5 Resigns

administered for a comparatively minor offence (100 lashes was regarded as a light punishment and there is on record a sentence of 2000 in India in 1788). Still, it was a brutal age and these were, after all, the men who beat "Boney."

I have found these two first-class books so absorbing that I can do little more than mention the other two in this week's batch except to recommend them strongly. M. Roger Peyrefitte's "South from Naples" (Thames and Hudson; 21s.) is as delightful as one would expect from the author of "Diplomatic Diversions," and will be much to the taste of those who like the unusual in travel books. It is translated with elegance by "J. H. F. McEwen" (can this modestly conceal the identity of my old ex-legislator friend, that fine French scholar, Sir John McEwen?) and the drawings, by Gunther Boehmer, have vigour as well as charm. "Indonesian Adventure," by Karl Eskelund (Burke; 18s.), deals with the youngest of the world's self-governing States (in pre-war days it was one of the world's best-governed States, but no matter), and the resulting picture is well done—and equally well illustrated.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE BRITISH ARMY—TO-DAY, AND YESTERDAY.

RECENTLY I reviewed a remarkable book by Major Farrar-Hockley, the adjutant of the Gloucesters, about his experiences in the Battle of the Imjin, and later during his captivity as a prisoner-of-war. I have now before me another remarkable book on the same subject by the Rev. S. J. Davies, M.B.E., C.F., who was Chaplain to the Gloucesters. It is called "In Spite of Dungeons," and is published by Hodder and Stoughton at 12s. 6d. It takes its name from the famous hymn with which, during their captivity, the British and American P.O.W.s used to close their religious gatherings, and which runs:

Faith of our fathers, living still

In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:

O how our hearts beat high with joy,

When'er we hear that glorious word:

Faith of our fathers, holy faith,

We will be true to thee till death.

The padre tells the story of that great battle simply and vividly. It will comfort many to find that a man of obviously great courage can write of the period before the final assault: "A sinister hush seemed to lie in the towering mountains. Fear twisted inside me." But the greater part of the book is concerned with his long imprisonment, and the attempts of the Chinese to brainwash him, or in other ways to get him to deny his faith for the sake of greater amenities for himself or (perhaps harder still to deny) for the other P.O.W.s. Mr. Davies, like his fellows, suffered extraordinary hardships, though none perhaps suffered as much as Colonel Carne, the C.O. Nevertheless, throughout the combination of his Christian faith, plus the sense of humour of the British, carried him and his fellow P.O.W.s through. The Chinese appear to have been as unpredictable as in the last war in similar circumstances the Germans could be—at one moment extraordinarily cruel, and then, for no apparent reason, relaxing the mental and physical pressure. Like the Germans, they must have found the British P.O.W.s an exasperating lot to deal with. One almost pities the Chinese company commanders who, through an interpreter, had to deliver long and tedious speeches translated into the most naïve and amusing English. "I shall always remember these gems," writes Mr. Davies, "and the wild hoots of laughter with which they were greeted: 'No man can be sick without getting the permish'; 'At last we have got tomatoes for you: we know you are crazy about them'; 'When the Commander speaks, no man can joke and make the strange noises.'" Equally flippantly, too, was greeted the announcement with regard to some new summer uniforms for the prisoners: "They are very fashionable, from Shanghai, with brass buttons"! It is a fine story—a story of immense difficulties overcome, such as Colonel Carne's fashioning of his cross with a couple of nails, a hammer and rubbing against a concrete step, a story of the Chinese outwitted, and a burning, unwavering flame of faith. On Christmas Day 1952, Mr. Davies delivered a sermon which was taken down by one present in shorthand, and a copy of which was later sent from the United States. It is printed as an appendix, but is as moving and inspiring as anything in this moving and inspiring book.

An admirable idea of what has made the British soldier the man he is—from Agincourt to the Imjin—is to be found in "The British Soldier," by Colonel H. de Watteville (Dent; 18s.). This excellently written book will surely prove a "must" for libraries as for the general reader. The British soldier—although his conditions of service have altered out of all knowledge in the bare century since the lash was abolished—remains astonishingly unaltered by time. Writing of the early years of the seventeenth century, when British ground forces were probably worse paid, worse disciplined and worse led than almost at any other time, an officer in the Dutch service could, nevertheless, write: "If they be well ordered and kept in by the rules of good discipline they fear not the face nor the forces of the stoutest foe, and have one singular virtue beyond any other nation, for they are always willing to go on: and though at first they be stoutly resisted yet will they as resolutely undertake the action the second time, though it is to meet death itself in the face."

And how well disciplined they can be! The Guards at Dunkirk were only carrying on the tradition of the Peninsular veterans, such as the formidable Craufurd's Light Division, who, marching back from his funeral at Badajoz in 1810, were faced by flood water which had risen across the road. "The leading men hesitated, looking for a way round. Then of a sudden they remembered their lost commander who had always insisted on his troops keeping straight ahead regardless of obstacles. As though paying homage to his memory the whole column without a word went straight through the water and the mud. They forgave all the iron discipline—all that rigid severity!" Craufurd's discipline consisted, *inter alia*, of insisting on two heavy flogging sentences being carried out towards the end of that fearful retreat to Corunna. To us it seems incredible that our forbears could have ordered (and calmly witnessed) an average sentence of 200 lashes

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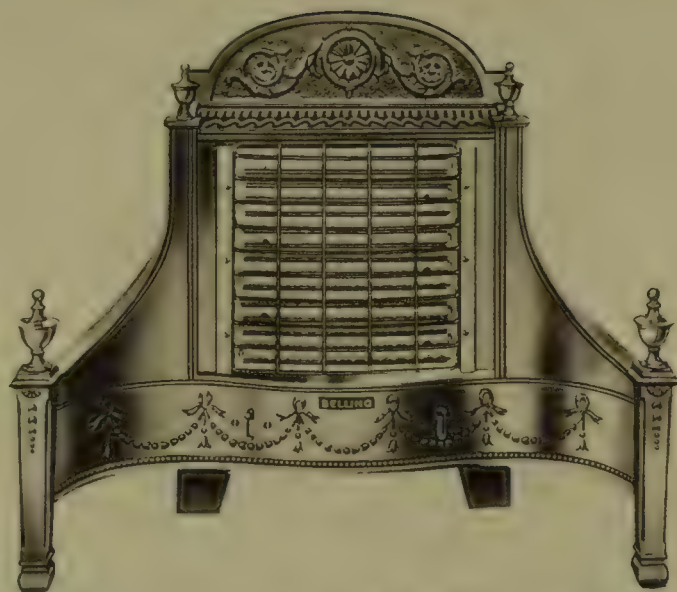


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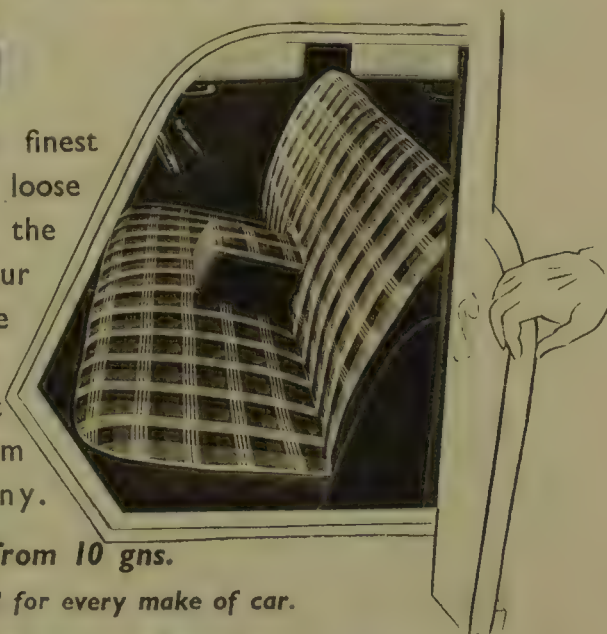
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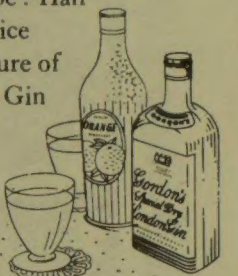
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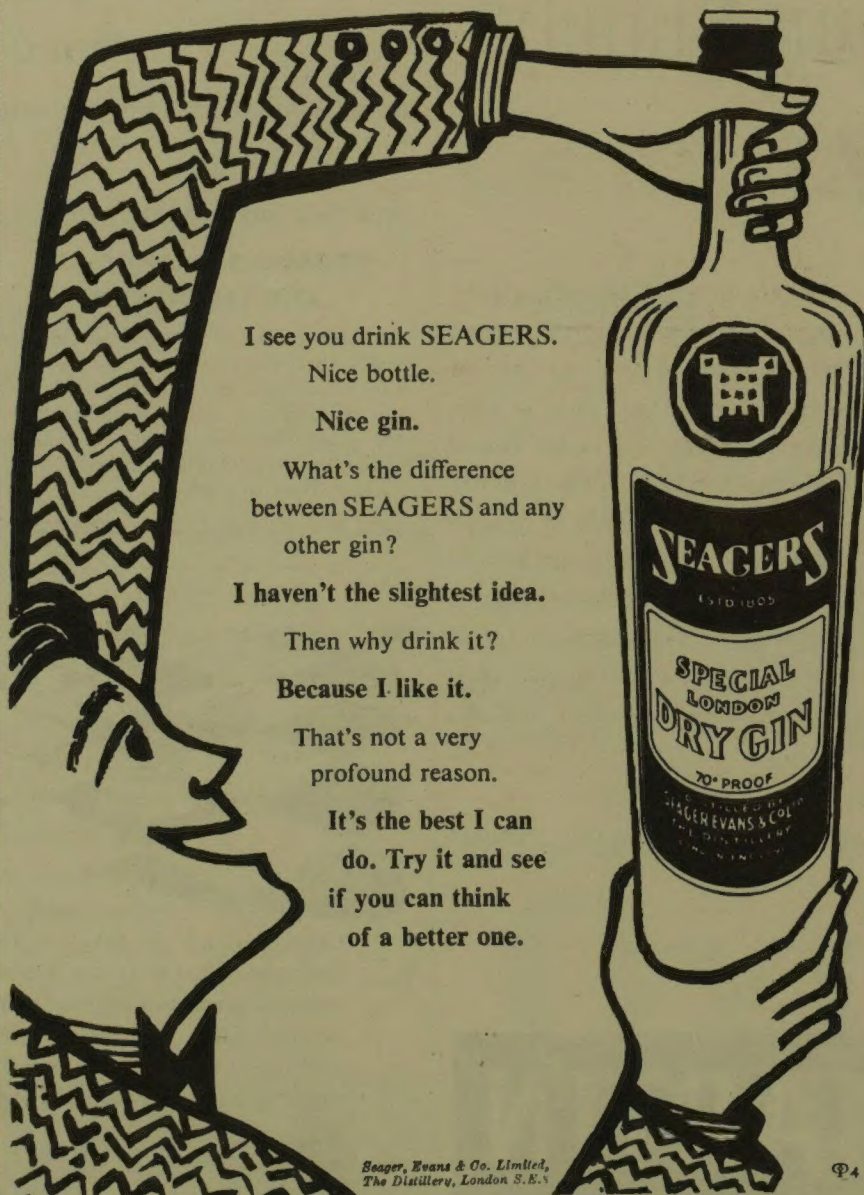
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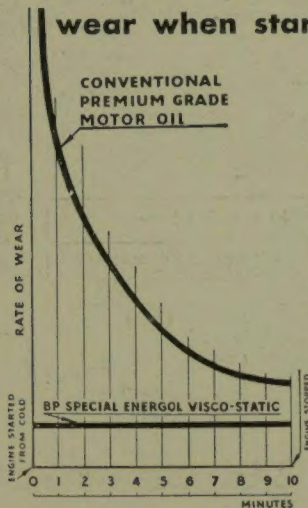
Doubles the life of your engine

This is wonderful news. You can save 80% of engine wear, cut petrol consumption and enjoy easier starting and greater reliability than ever before thought possible.

BP Special Energol is a new kind of motor oil introduced by The British Petroleum Company for use in all four-stroke petrol engines in good condition. It has been exhaustively tested in the laboratory and on the road. Here are only two of the amazing proved results:

You reduce wear on cylinder walls and pistons by 80%. Most important of all you prevent the heavy rate of wear during the first mile or two after starting. This means your engine maintains its performance for more than twice as long and the mileage between overhauls is doubled.

See how BP Special Energol saves wear when starting from cold



In this graph the upper curve is the result of tests with conventional premium grade oils. The height of the line is the amount of wear occurring at any instant. Notice the very high rate of wear immediately after starting and how this reduces gradually as the engine warms up.

Now see the lower line which is the rate of wear with BP Special Energol. Notice how it remains at the same low level all the time and even after some minutes running is still substantially lower than with conventional oils.

You save substantially on petrol consumption — 5-10% on normal running and up to 12% on start and stop running such as a doctor does.

Although BP Special Energol costs 50% more than conventional premium oils, it repays its extra cost on petrol saving alone.

'Visco-static'?

BP Special Energol 'Visco-static' is quite unlike any conventional motor oil. It is as thin when cold as the lightest grade of lubricating oil at present sold. Yet it is as thick when hot as the grades normally recommended for summer use. This special property in an oil is what lubrication scientists have been striving after for many years. It means ideal lubrication at all temperatures *using only this one grade of oil* for all engines where S.A.E. grades 10W to 40 are normally recommended. It is the reason why BP Special Energol not only reduces wear and petrol consumption but improves motoring performance and reliability in almost every way.

Easier starting than you have ever known

BP Special Energol flows freely even in extreme cold so that the engine will turn over more freely. Starting even in mid-winter is no more difficult than in high summer.

Less choke needed

You start with less choke and can cut out the choke earlier. This not only reduces petrol consumption but prevents oil being washed from the cylinder walls by liquid petrol — one of the reasons why wear is normally so heavy during the first mile or two of running.

No oil starvation and less wear

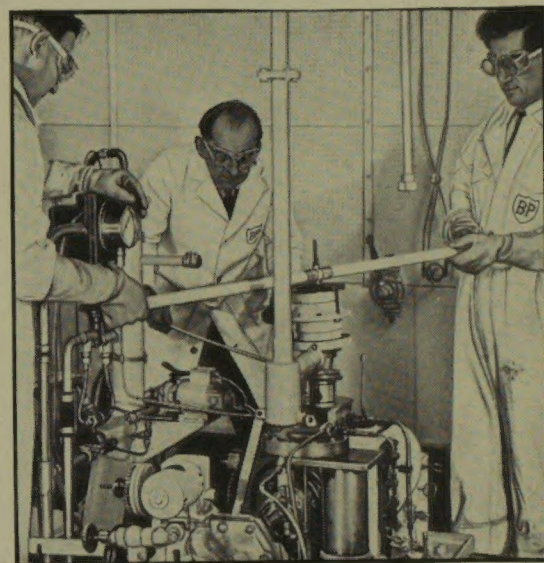
Full lubrication begins from the first turn of the engine. Abrasive products on the cylinder walls are washed away immediately. This saves an enormous amount of wear on both your piston rings and cylinder walls. BP Special Energol includes additives which give outstanding film strength, acid resisting properties and detergency.

Less oil consumption

By reducing wear, BP Special Energol also reduces oil consumption. It maintains ample viscosity for good lubrication even at the hottest parts of the engine, near the piston rings.

How to use BP Special Energol

BP Special Energol should not be mixed with conventional oils. The sump should be drained and refilled with the new oil and this should be



Radio-activity provides the proof

This picture shows a radio-active piston ring being fitted into the special wear research engine at the BP Research Station at Sunbury. When the engine is running, radio-active particles in the oil stream show the rate of engine wear while it is happening. By condensing years of wear tests into weeks, this equipment has speeded the arrival of BP Special Energol and has provided exhaustive proof of its value.

repeated after the first 500 miles. Future oil changes should be after the normal mileage recommended by the makers of your car.

When not to use BP Special Energol

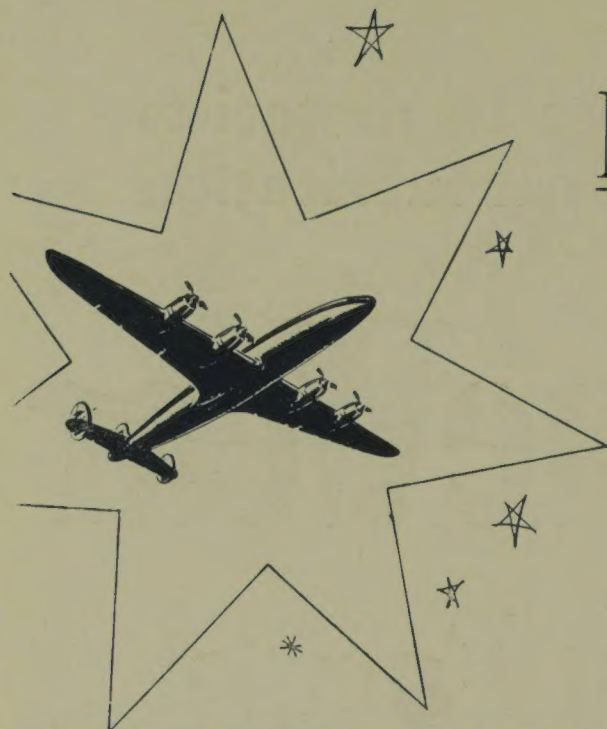
If your engine is worn and will shortly need overhauling, do not use BP Special Energol. The normal grades of BP Energol are still on sale and will help your engine to give the best possible service until it has been overhauled. Your garage manager will be glad to give advice if you are in any doubt.

BP Special Energol is obtainable at all garages where you see the BP Shield. It is coloured red for easy identification and sold in sealed packages.



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